

"The New Man," by E. B. Sherman.
"H. C. Bunner," by H. G. Paine and F. D. Sherman.

The Critic

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The Critic

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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1896

H. C. Bunner*

AS EDITOR AND STORY-WRITER

THE CHARM THAT the late Henry Cuyler Bunner exercised as a writer of fiction was due, not only to the fact that he was a natural story-teller, and that, having this talent, he cultivated it, but also to the fact that he was of an intensely sensitive and sympathetic nature, and had, besides, the indispensable sense of humor. He came to the task of the story-writer well equipped with experience and training. Some of his earliest efforts as a boy were contributed to the short-lived *Arcadian*, with whose uncertain fortunes he identified himself when he was eighteen, and the range of subjects which he covered was limited only by the scope of the paper. When this feeble prop dropped away, he served an apprenticeship as a reporter on the *World* and the *Sun*. With this four years' experience he came to *Puck* when it started in 1877, and soon assumed the editorship. It was an opportunity such as has come to few young men of twenty-two. The entire paper, in those early days, was written by the editorial staff and a few outsiders, who learned that by dropping in on the day the forms were closed they might pick up a stray job at space-filling. If there was any space to be filled, it was not because Bunner had shirked. He contributed editorials, stories, poems, humorous articles, jokes, dialogues and cartoon suggestions, with a liberal hand and from a seemingly inexhaustible supply.

He was not especially interested in politics when he began, but it became necessary for him to keep track of events in order to comment on the political cartoons. But it was not in Bunner's nature to look into anything without becoming intensely interested in it. He soon was as familiar with the intricacies of politics as he was with those of French versification. His sensitive nature was keen to detect the meretricious, and wherever he saw a weak spot, thither he directed the shafts of *Puck's* satire. The necessities of his place made him a political writer; but his enthusiasm, his patriotism, his hatred of shams, together with his literary training, made him a political writer of high rank. The paper naturally responded to the strong convictions and individuality of its editor, and its development from a mere free-lance in journalism into a powerful organ with a settled, definite policy, was a necessary consequence. To make the fine, violin-like tones of his "comments" heard through all the trumpet-blast of Keppler's cartoons, was no easy task, yet Bunner accomplished it. It was also necessary for him to write so as to attract and to hold the attention of the man who bought a funny paper because he wanted to laugh. The principal characteristic of his editorials was their clearness of exposition. His effort was to write so simply that the least educated of his readers could not help understanding him, and he did it so well that his most cultured readers enjoyed him.

Under such auspices the early days of doubt and discouragement for the paper disappeared with its rapidly increasing prosperity, with which came, also, a relief for its editor from the pressure of filling space, and he eagerly turned his attention to higher forms of literary work. Like all authors, and almost everybody else, he wrote (in collaboration) several plays and some librettos for comic operas. Although he won no success as a dramatist, the training in the construction of plots and of dialogue was of notable value to him in story-writing. His first long story, "A Woman of Honor," published in 1883, but written two years earlier, was far more successful than the play, "Faith," on which it was founded. The story was too theatrical to please its author, however, and

he felt no pride in it. With Mr. Brander Matthews, his close friend and companion in literature, he made a study of story-telling, and in 1885 the two brought out "In Partnership," containing eight stories, two written in collaboration, and three by each author separately. When the book was ready to go to the publishers, Bunner felt that one of his stories, which had appeared in *Puck*, was outclassed by the others, which had been printed in the magazines. Although the book had been accepted, he at once discarded the offending story and wrote in place of it "A Letter and a Paragraph," one of his very strongest short tales. In spite of the amount of writing he did, Bunner found time to read, and this helped to make his writing so good. His judgment was so discriminating that he instinctively rejected what was bad, and then stopped to deduce the reason for it; and so, when he approved of anything, he was not content until he had satisfied himself that his verdict was correct. He applied the same test relentlessly to his own work.

And his works were Bunner. The same delightful humor, the same strong human sympathy, the same poetic fancy, and the same clear-headed American commonsense that characterized him as a man, pervaded what he wrote. A keen observer, he saw clearly the varied and changing colors in the kaleidoscopic life of New York, and many of his earlier stories were written to fix these in literature. Such a story was "The Midge," written about the time of his marriage, in 1886; others were "The Story of a New York House" (1887) and "Natural Selection" (which appeared serially in *Scribner's*). Boccaccio was one of his earlier models for form, and often, when tired and jaded from editorial work, he would read the old familiar tales to catch the swing of the narrative before applying himself to his own fiction. Later he was captivated by the structure of the tales of Guy de Maupassant, whom he regarded as the master of the art of story-writing. Bunner read him and studied him, and then wrote "Short Sixes." He did this really as an exercise in story-writing, and was so sure that they frankly betrayed his model, that he wished to give credit to Maupassant in the title. I was then his associate in the office, and persuaded him not to, telling him that, while they were Bunner-after-reading-Maupassant, they were still all Bunner.

Later on, he determined to give to the English reading world some of the best of Maupassant's stories that were translatable and had not already been translated; and the result was "Made in France." These were not translations, however, but transformations. While the French originals were recognizable by those who knew Maupassant, the stories were still Bunner, and this in spite of the fact that Bunner was undoubtedly the best parodist in the English language. Take, for example, his "Home, Sweet Home, with Variations," his Stockton story, written for the Midsummer *Puck* in place of a story that Stockton had been asked to write but could not supply; and, best joke of all, the one story in "Made in France," which is the most like Maupassant, but which, the careful reader will note, has no original. These, however, clever as they were, and finished in style, were rather in the nature of a public rehearsal. The results of all this work and study are shown in such stories as "Love in Olde Cloathes," "Zadoc Pine" and "As One Having Authority."

H. G. PAINE.

THE POET

Finished and charming as are all of Mr. Bunner's stories and prose sketches—and they are characterized by one quality seldom found in most of our present prose-writing, the quality of style,—one acquainted with his verse will invari-

* See THE CRITIC of May 16.

ably turn to "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" (1884) and "Rowen" (1892) to discover anew the best results derived from his literary gift. He was a poet, clever, versatile and accomplished: he loved his art, practiced it with sincerity, wrote simply and naturally, and was satisfied to do small things—even trifles,—so long as he was sure of their being done well. The highest mark he reached was, perhaps, in that exquisite poet's poem for poets, "The Way to Arcady," with which his first collection of verse opens; but this is closely matched, in grace of touch and expression, by such lyrics as "Holiday Home," "Daphnis" and "Robin's Song," and by the more serious poems "Strong as Death" and "Triumph." His lighter verse, gay of mood and gentle of humor, is Dobsonesque in its perfection and brilliance. "Da Capo," "Candor," "Betrothed" and "Just a Love-Letter" are the best of his *vers-de-société* and merit a place among the best things done by Locker and Dobson. His versatility and cleverness are shown in the metrical extravaganza called "Home, Sweet Home, with Variations," wherein he shows how Goldsmith, Pope, Dobson, Swinburne, Bret Harte and Whitman would each have treated the same theme. In "Rowen," his last volume of verse, the work is equally polished, but one cannot help noting how the music is softened and made more tender. This book was made after the poet's happy marriage to a poet, amid the joys of a home, a wife and little folk; and almost the last thing in it is an exceptionally winning poem of child-life, "One—Two—Three," which proves that genuine pathos is not made—or not necessarily made—out of cotton dogs and croup.

Mr. Bunner's legacy to American poetry is very small in bulk, but most excellent in quality. He had a rare gift of humor, a quick ear for rhyme and rhythm, a fortunate choice of epithet and figure, and, best of all, he knew his own capabilities and did not attempt to go beyond them. It is easy to trace the influence of three other poets in his work—Herrick, Aldrich and Dobson; but it is to be said that, wherever the influence of any one of them is traceable, the poem is not unworthy of its master, and always it must be owned that

"He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The New Man

ARE WE NOT weary, oh so weary! of hearing about the new woman? Yes, we are; and where—all this time—is the new man? For of course there is one, just as inevitably as there is a second wheel to a bicycle. Can it be his own unremitting modesty that keeps him from coming to the fore, or is it, perchance, the fearful flare of skirts and sleeves that hides him away in the background of blushing unseenness? Whatever be the cause of his nullibiety, it is now high time that he be brought forward, bravely to share the gridiron of publicity with his sister, for, indeed, he has much of that same newness to be broiled and sizzled out before the sniffing public. Behold, then, my weary, jaded reader, the new man! Mark well the catalog of his virtues, and note wherein he differs from the old man whom he has put off (or who has put him off), and in what respects he is unlike the new woman, whom we would put off for a season.

First of all, the new man is not necessarily a young man. The best kind of a new man may happen to be an old one, for the same reason that the most beautifully grained timber is found in old trees. His age may be anywhere between nineteen and ninety, his birth, education and status what they will, he is still the new man if he believes in himself and his own times, is unfettered by traditions and "unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue is the Past's." Between the new man and the old man, his Puritan ancestor, lie nearly three centuries of physical, intellectual and moral divergence—regeneration we should prefer to say,—but we make

this concession to those who would say degeneration. There has probably been some of both, and, to comfort the pessimists, we will allow twenty per cent. of degeneration and keep the remaining eighty for our own consolation. One line of retrogression has been outlined in one of Emerson's essays:—

"What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that his aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white man to his grave. * * * The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue."

Other lines of degeneration have been so minutely detailed in novels and various treatises, that further elaboration is needless. Nevertheless, after duly weighing the arguments on both sides, we still steadfastly believe that the new man is the superior of the old man, in "sweetness and light," in graces and graciousness, and in all those qualities that make righteousness contagious. In a word, there is the same difference between the new man and his moderately remote ancestor that there is between the grim, rude, primitive "meeting-houses" and the ivy-covered stone chapels of our day, which lose nothing in strength because they are draped by a thousand shining tendrils. The blessed old Puritans clumped about in their sole-leather virtues, like a man in a pair of stiff, unyielding boots. But the new man—like Socrates—is "terribly at ease in Zion"; even his righteousness he has made more nimble by the aid of steam, gas, electricity and bicycles.

In the pulpit, the new man has come out of the coma of dogmatism; he no longer feeds his congregation on "boiled cobwebs" and doctrinal *ragouts*, nor is he the invertebrate parson who scores only sinners of patriarchal days. Here, as elsewhere, his added strength is the strength of "sweetness and light"; and where his great-great-grandfather lined out the hymn,

"My Thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead,—"

the new man, in gentler accents, asks the choir to sing, "There's a wideness in God's mercy."

In the realm of literature, the new man has shown such genius, grace and versatility that some of his work is far more worthy to be labeled classic than much that bears that name—a fact amply attested by the works of Ian Maclaren, Stevenson and Barrie, or, in our own land, by those perennially new men who are still with us, tho departed—Emerson, Lowell and Holmes. This statement, I am aware, is contrary to generally accepted canons, which tacitly demand a man's decease and an interval of at least a hundred years before his merit is recognized.

In medicine and surgery, the new man has throttled many a giant with whom his calomelling ancestors coped in vain. With his Cyclops eye, the microscope and the X ray, he has discovered the fell microbe, festering bullet and lurking bacteria and routed them, ere they could develop their diabolic possibilities. Thus the new man (as physician), protecting the habitation of the soul, goes hand in hand with his brother who wields the ethical lancet. And so we might continue endlessly, if we considered his exploits in all the varied fields on which he has shown his valor.

But we have yet to deal with that most ungrateful task, the consideration of the new man's—faults. And we may

as well confess, at the outset, that the new man shares his chiefest sin in common with the old man, the new woman and the rest of the world—*i. e.*, selfishness. If anyone feels sensitive at so blunt a statement of the matter, he may put it more euphemistically by saying that the new man has been evolved by greatly enlarging his receptive faculties, so that it has often happened that his parents and friends have enjoyed an almost unrestricted monopoly of the more blessed side of receiving. If this assertion seems in the least Delphic to any reader, let him inspect the cash account of the average parent whose sons and daughters are in boarding-schools and colleges; or let him visit the be-rugged and be-cushioned bowers of bliss, where these sons and daughters climb the flowery steep of learning. Even the so-called giving done by youths in college has little of the real essence of giving in it, and is, in many cases, one of the worst phases of selfishness; for the donor sometimes gives merely to escape being called small, when he knows that the very money he gives has been eked out from the small economies and sacrifices of his parents. Again, there is the wealthy young man, who puts his hand to his pocket all too carelessly and indiscriminately—equally ready to contribute to the exportation of a missionary, or the excavation of a mummy. All through his course, the young man is “ministered unto,” so that on graduation he must make a desperate wrench to get himself into the giving posture which the world (as well as Christianity) demands. The receptive process of development just mentioned describes the case of the average student. It does not, of course, apply to the student in college, or in the world, who is fortunate enough to discover early in his course that the higher education should be the education of the heart. But those who make this discovery are few and far to seek. When they are found, they may stand for the best kind of new man.

Another characteristic, if we may not call it a fault, of one variety of the new man is his hypercritical attitude. From his lofty telescoped watch-tower he looks down upon the cruder new man who “settles things first and understands them afterwards.” As for himself, he is so cautious and analytical that he lets his soup cool, while he is trying to discover what are its ingredients. You marvel at his insight and astuteness, but at the same time you have a feeling that, after weighing you on his delicately adjusted scale, he will shrivel you all up with a dreadful “mene, mene, tekel.” Sometimes one can’t tell how much of the new man is himself, and how much is poetical pose. But when we see him looking before and after and sighing for what is not—as, for instance, when he mourns for the “dear old girls” that are so all gone,—we are filled with unselfish pity and would fain materialize our great-great-grandmothers, utter Medea’s spell over them, and hand them over for better or worse to the lonely, detemporized new man, though it almost seems as if the “dear old girls” were intended for the dear old boys only. Perhaps this yearning for the dear old girls is only another phase of the antiquarian craze. We have had the Puritan maiden’s spinning-wheel and spinet enshrined, and now the new man would like to complete the collection by adding the maiden herself. It is something more than sentiment, however, that makes the new man sing to the tune, “Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight.” In fact, he has admitted, in his candid moments, that he is not yet so far evolved that he has freed himself from the sweet thralldom of being “looked up to” by a clinging being, who “darkly feels him great and good.”

Here we may note one of the differences between the new man and the new woman. So far as we can learn, she hasn’t been heard to sigh for the dear old boys—the revered contemporaries of the dear old girls, and for the simple reason that she believes that there has been a great improvement in everything—even in men. It would be a bad case of pessimism, indeed, that could find no antidote in following the work, for instance, of the army of new men enrolled in the

Young Men’s Christian Association, the Epworth League and the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew (whose total membership reaches 642,000), not to mention the thousand and one other societies whose creed is written large over the lives of suffering humanity. In addition to all that the world knows of the new man’s achievements, there is a vast unwritten record of his Samaritanisms, known only to his most intimate friends, and perhaps not even to them. Is there one of us who cannot call to mind some silent, patient, unknown man whose life is a continual rebuke to the blind accusations against our age? It sometimes seems as though the world were so taken up with exposing the vices of our generation, that it had no time left to expose its virtues. As a consequence, the public comes to believe that there aren’t any, to speak of—because they aren’t spoken of. But even while the world points with shamefaced comparisons to the past, or with beseeching entreaties to the future, it repeats the old-time blunder of neglecting its own prophets.

“Give the devil his due” is a maxim that should not be followed to the exclusion of everybody else. It is high time that some one should give the new man his due and gratefully recognize in him the fulfilment of prophecy—for he not only sees visions and helps to bring them to pass, but he is himself a second prophecy of a still higher type of manhood.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

Literature

Dr. Coues and General Pike

The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike to Headwaters of the Mississippi River, through Louisiana Territory, and in New Spain, during the Years 1805-6-7. A New Edition, Now First Reprinted in Full from the Original of 1810, with Copious Critical Commentary, Memoir of Pike, New Maps and Other Illustrations, and Complete Index. By Elliott Coues. 3 vols. Francis P. Harper.

THE PONDEROUS and well-printed work bearing this voluminous title—a title from which lack of space compels our omission of the editor’s many titular claims to distinction—is of so singular and anomalous a cast that it may well be styled a curiosity of literature. The war of 1812 gave to the United States a splendid galaxy of naval heroes; but of military leaders, in whose reputation the country could take pride, the number was much less. Among these few, however, the name of Gen. Pike claimed a peculiar eminence, due both to the high character of the man and to the national importance of his work. His career has often been compared to that of Gen. Wolfe. There was, in fact, a remarkable resemblance in their histories. Each of them entered the army as a precocious youth of fifteen. Each, on attaining maturity, gained rapid promotion in rank by the display of specially high qualities of intellect and energy. Each was appointed at an unusually early age—Wolfe at thirty-three, Pike at thirty-four—to the command of an expedition against a foreign capital, the capture of which was expected to turn the tide of a great national war; and each fell in the hour of victory, admired and regretted for his chivalrous character almost as much by those against whom he fought as by his own countrymen. To the memory of each, moreover, fell the enviable good fortune that the benefits which his achievements bequeathed to his country did not cease with his death, but grew larger with time.

If the capture of York by Pike proved resultless, while the capture of Quebec by Wolfe brought a vast and fruitful country under British control, the earlier acts of Pike, in which he displayed, before the age of twenty-eight, great and varied powers, which neither Wolfe nor Napoleon himself at that age had surpassed,—his well-conducted and often hazardous and daring explorations of the western regions, and especially of Northern Mexico,—had the ultimate effect of adding to his country,—in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California,—a territory richer, more extensive and more populous than the whole of habitable Canada of our day. Should any author of our time, while undertaking to produce a new life of Wolfe from original documents, set himself deliberately to find flaws in

the actions and motives of that hero, and to degrade his character as a patriot and a man of honor—all the time professing, in general terms, the highest admiration for him and for his heroic qualities,—we may imagine the shock of surprise with which such a work would be received by Wolfe's compatriots in England and Canada. Their astonishment would, of course, be sharpened to indignation if it should appear, on further investigation, that none of the offensive charges adduced by this erratic biographer had any real foundation in fact.

At the outset of the editor's preface we read with pleasure his lofty, if somewhat labored and tumid, celebration of his hero's merits and great qualities, as shown in his explorations and all his earlier life,—of the "evidences of duty ardently done in the service of his country," of his "unswerving patriotism and unwavering fidelity to lofty ideals," of the "picturesque personality" and "unique career" of "the youthful, the dashing and winning, the ardent and enthusiastic lieutenant, who dreamed of glory till his dream came true"; and much more of the same sort. This is fine, if somewhat overwrought, rhetoric. But, unfortunately for himself, the editor was, as he oddly enough tells us, "induced to add another to the several good memoirs of Pike which we already possess." As these memoirs, commencing with the excellent biographical sketch by Moses Thomas in his *Analectic Magazine* for November, 1814, and closing with the outline given by Gen. Greely in his recent volume of "Explorers and Travelers," are all highly laudatory, the luckless notion seems to have occurred to Dr. Coues of manifesting his own superior discernment and impartiality by giving to his work, both in his memoir, and in his notes to the author's text, a severely critical cast, and visiting all faults, real or imputed, with unsparing denunciation. The first evidence of his memoir's very peculiar "goodness" of this stamp appears in the admission, or rather assertion, which the writer makes, with professed regret, but with the too evident satisfaction manifested by eager and emphatic repetition, that Pike, in preparing his book for publication, was guilty of inexcusable "dishonesty," of "literary larceny," and "criminal plagiarism" in "stealing," without acknowledgment, two of his maps from Humboldt.

In another place the biographer urges this accusation, and sustains it by declaring that Humboldt himself makes against Pike a "direct and unqualified charge of plagiarism." The simple truth is that Dr. Coues, in his eagerness to criminate Pike, totally misconstrues the facts, and shows an extraordinary ignorance of the literary ethics and immemorial custom which govern the case. It is a well-established rule that a geographical map, or portion of a map, once given to the world, either by publication or by deposit in any public archives, becomes common property, and may be freely copied by any person, with or without acknowledgment. Every one is aware that when, in our day, discoveries in Africa or in the Arctic regions or elsewhere are announced, every atlas-maker in Europe and America hastens to add them to his maps, most commonly without a word to indicate their source. It was so in the days of Pike and for centuries before his time. Arrowsmith, then the first map-maker of Europe, who must have been familiar with the best usage in such matters, made, as Dr. Coues himself informs us, precisely the same use of Humboldt's map which Pike had made, and was subject to the same reclamation from the illustrious German philosopher. Dr. Coues calls it a charge of plagiarism, but it was nothing of the sort. Humboldt was well aware that when he, during his stay in Washington on his return from Mexico to Europe, displayed his usual large-hearted liberality by depositing a copy of his recently constructed map with the American Government for its use, he was giving it freely to the world.

His object in making his reclamation at a later day is evident. The publication of his travels had been delayed by various hindrances for many years. If he had not, when the maps of Pike and Arrowsmith appeared, made known his claim of authorship, he might have been suspected, when his own

book appeared, of borrowing from them, instead of having furnished them, through the American Government, with a large part of the materials for their maps. The hearty compliment which he pays, in his reclamation, to "the admirable courage displayed by Mr. Pike in an important undertaking for the investigation of western Louisiana," shows no feeling of injustice done to himself. In fact, such a feeling would have been singularly out of place, as Humboldt's map was not really his own work, except in so far as a compilation made by him might be so called. The greater part of the country comprised in Pike's two maps of Mexico, and especially the whole of the most important of them, the map of the Internal Provinces, was never visited by Humboldt, who must have derived the materials of his maps from the earlier Spanish surveys, to which he had access in Mexico. Of the "Map of the Internal Provinces of New Spain," the most important portions—the principal travelled routes from Santa Fé to Chihuahua and thence through Coahuila and Texas to Natchitoches, with the location of the towns along them—are chiefly Pike's own work, in illustration of his valuable descriptions of the country, derived from the notes which he carefully made. The other map, copied from Humboldt's compilation and in no manner claimed by Pike, the "Sketch of the Vice-Royalty of New Spain," is a very different and very inferior affair. With our present ideas, it seems surprising that Humboldt should have thought such a piece of work worth reclaiming. Certainly, it could add nothing to his immense reputation, but would rather detract from it. It was really of no value except in illustrating his description of the country. In copying it, without special acknowledgment, for the same purpose, Pike did nothing more than he was entitled to do by the custom of all earlier travellers and geographers.

So much space has been given to this preposterous accusation, that we cannot dwell on the absurd objections raised by Dr. Coues to the treaty with the Sioux Indians, by which Pike, in accordance with his instructions, secured for the United States a preëemptive right to the land on which Fort Snelling was afterwards built. The editor labors through eight solid and useless pages of fine print to prove gross incompetency on Pike's part, and only succeeds in establishing, as in the accusation of plagiarism, his own ignorance of common usage and his singular defect of judgment. Some words of remonstrance, however, must be said in regard to the revival of the long-exploded slanders which Pike had to meet and refute on his return from his Mexican expedition,—the slanders which imputed to him a complicity in the treasonable intrigues of Burr and Wilkinson. The modest and manly reference which Pike makes in his book to these charges and to their complete disproof ought to have saved his memory from the indignity to which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, it is now subjected by this astonishing editor. Here we find the disproved charges all paraded anew, with the emphasis of assured certainty or strong suspicion, and urged in the coarsest language. Lieut. Pike, we are told, proved himself a spy, an informer, a liar and a thief "who stole his information"; and it is broadly hinted that he was an abettor of traitors and conspirators. Yet he is the same person whom the editor, in his magniloquent preface, lauds as "the subaltern who in his twenties won imperishable renown by achievements in the field of exploration," and who, through all the changes of life, preserved his "unwavering fidelity to lofty ideals." The evident unconsciousness of any inconsistency between the two pictures of Pike which the writer presents to us, merely shows that he himself must be deemed, like his work, a curiosity of literature.

The lesson of the vanity of human wishes has hardly ever been taught so impressively as in the case of Pike. Every act of his brief life shows him to have been a true-hearted and single-minded man, whose most anxious desire was to leave behind him an unblemished record of good service done in behalf of his country. For this object he was willing to scorn delights and live laborious days. He was not, as Dr.

Coues fancifully makes him, an officer of the "dashing and winning" sort, but a plain, honest, clear-headed, benevolent, and intensely patriotic soldier, of the stamp of Lafayette and Havelock. Yet, even in his lifetime, the accident of his unavoidable connection with the unscrupulous and intriguing Wilkinson brought on him some painfully injurious and unjust imputations. These he was fortunately able to meet and silence at once by adducing incontrovertible evidence of their falsity. His glorious death seemed to have freed his memory from all danger of the repetition of such aspersions. Three generations have passed, and now his own editor and biographer, who should have been foremost to defend his reputation from such calumnies, is the first to revive and amplify them. Luckily, in doing so, he is obliged to produce the best possible antidote to their poison in the writings of Pike himself and the records of his acts, which show him to have been all that his most ardent admirers could claim for him. Happily also, it must in justice be added, the editor's vagaries of judgment have not prevented him from collecting, with creditable zeal and industry, a mass of useful materials and elucidations, from which some master of the historic art, some future Irving, Prescott, or Parkman, will be able to construct the true figure of Zebulon Pike, and give him his rightful place among the heroes of the American Valhalla.

"Madelon"

By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper & Bros.

FOR PURPOSES of tragic art, the New England conscience, as it is depicted by Miss Wilkins, is fully as effective as the dire *An Dan* (Destiny) of the Gael. Before its silent tribunal the author brings most of her characters, sooner or later, to hear their inexorable sentence in the beating of their own hearts. This method of arraignment leaves no room for the clumsier makeshifts of handcuffs, court and scaffold, so lavishly manufactured by the ordinary novelist. All these she leaves for the villains who never "feel their honor grip," or for those whose courage is less strong than their love of life. But her own culprits are of the Eugene Aram-Ancient Mariner and Arthur Dimmesdale order. So much of outward grace and virtue do they possess, that blind and limping justice would never catch them, did not a stern sense of justice within them bid them loiter to be caught. In her short stories, as in her long ones, the guilty are forever handing themselves over to law. The village singer, inly bidden, makes her atonement; the two sisters who have worn the same silk dress confess, at last, their dreadful duplicity; and in "Jane Field," the conscience-lashed victim takes her confession, "I ain't Esther Maxwell," canvasses it from house to house, and finally repeats it to the urchins and dogs in the street.

In the opening chapter of "Madelon," we miss the Wilkins touch, which is so evident from the first paragraphs of her short sketches. Perhaps this is the natural effect of the long story; yet it is less noticeable in "Jane Field." But the characters in "Madelon," and the descriptive passages, seem to work themselves clear like good New England root-beer, after the yeast has settled. And marvellous characters they are, after they have worked clear. The much be-gushed Pete—the one redeeming character of "The Manxman"—is not more finely drawn than Lot Gordon, the ex-scamp, poet, philosopher, hero and martyr of this tale. The gradual elimination of self from his love is nobly planned and executed. But when all the problems that are solved by the novelist's rule of two are ended, when the last stab is given and a curtain of discreet silence is drawn over the crimson scene, we find ourselves harassed by skeptical doubts. Was it the strength of Lot's love, or the weakness of his lungs—bringing the "dread thought of what comes after,"—that changed his passion from a common *habeas-corpus* affection to the high and holy devotion of a martyr? It would be comforting to believe such things possible of those in the ruddy glow of health, as well as in those "sicklied o'er with the

pale cast of thought." However we may answer the question, we part from Lot with tender reluctance. Still, we may avail ourselves of the grim consolation offered to a lady who was lamenting the untimely taking off of Sarah Grand's tenor:—"After all, there was nothing else to be done with him."

Some of the most pathetic and tender scenes in the book are between Madelon and her brother Richard. The novelist is generally so occupied with what is termed the *grande passion*, that the fraternal relation has received but scant attention, and the brother and sister in romance—as in life—have been considered *de trop*. There are many other distinctly original departures in this book, but one cannot treat them adequately in a short review. Suffice it to say that Miss Wilkins has created a group of exceptionally fine characters in "Madelon," thereby proving that an author may "go on striking twelve or even thirteen," the critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Reds of the Midi"

An Episode of the French Revolution. By Félix Gras. Trans. from the Provençal by Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier. With an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. D. Appleton & Co.

THE EXPLOITS of that famous Marseilles battalion which gave the finishing stroke to the French monarchy, are what M. Félix Gras deals with in the story translated with a good deal of spirit by Mrs. Janvier. Carlyle treats of this battalion



FELIX GRAS

and its doings in the famous sixth book of his "French Revolution," but he did not know all that is now known about them. They were about 600, got together by the municipality of Marseilles in answer to the request of deputy Barbaroux, to march to Paris, dethrone the king and aid in repelling the threatened Brunswick invasion. Other such columns came from all parts of France, some 3000 all told, to put some backbone into the Parisians, who were ready enough for murder, as it turned out, but not for fighting. Those from Brest appear to have done good service, but the Marseillaise better yet. They were the first, it appears, to fire on the king's Swiss guard, the first to enter the Tuileries. But "much wondering at this phenomenon," Carlyle writes, "and how in a peaceable, trading city, so many householders or hearth-holders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of 600 miles to 'strike down the tyrant'—you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers for some light on it: unhappily without effect. Rumor and terror precede this march; which still echo on you; the march itself an unknown thing." Such was the case, but is no longer. Messrs. Joseph Pollio and Adrien Marcel have succeeded in throwing light on the long march; and M. Gras's story but gives some additional touches of life to their documentary history of "Le Bataillon du 10 Août."

M. Gras has chosen for hero a peasant-boy, Pascalet, who joins the battalion at Avignon. Grown old in the wars of the Empire, he tells the story to his gossips in the shoemaker's shop of Malemart. The author claims to have been of the company, and so to have got the tale at first hand. Pascalet, his father and mother, had lived near this same Malemart as serfs of the Marquis d'Ambrun, in the bad old times before the Revolution. In their hut were two cradle-like boxes filled with oat straw in which they slept, "the cooking-pot in the middle of the room hanging from a roof-beam, and a big chopping-block—and that was all! That was just

all!" Their living they gained by gathering acorns, of which they were permitted to keep half, the other half going to the Marquis's swine. While gathering acorns, Pascalet's father got in the way of the Marquis's dogs, and the hare which they were pursuing escaped. For this crime the man was beaten; the boy, in revenge, cast a stone at the Marquis's son, and with difficulty, helped by the curé, got out of his lord's clutches, and reached Avignon the very day when it ceased to be a Papal city and welcomed the Marseilles Battalion passing through on its march to Paris. The whole city was dancing the *farandole*, out by the Porte Saint-Lazare and in by the Porte du Limbert, and along by the Street of the Water-wheels and the Rue Rouge and the Place de l'Horloge to the Pope's palace, where the proclamation of union with the nation was read, and the Pope's silver bell was lowered from its gable belfry, tinkling its last notes. At Avignon a number of strange accidents determined Pascalet to join the Marseillaise, and their commander to accept him as a volunteer, though only a boy. And the rest of the book is almost unmixd history. There is just a hint of a possible love-story, and the tyrants of the early part of the tale meet a fitting doom at the end.

A remarkable feature of the book is the dislike and contempt of the Paris mob which the author expresses by the mouth of his hero. It is impossible to avoid feeling that M. Gras, *Filibriste* and *Juge de Paix*, entertains the same sentiments for the Paris populace of to-day. The Reds of the Midi, it is worth bearing in mind, fought for an ordered and rational liberty. The bar of iron which the pilgrim fathers from Phocæa flung into Marseilles harbor, vowing that until it floated the colony should be free, has never yet come to the surface, as Carlyle notes; their fisherman's cap has become the symbol of liberty the world around; but it stands also for the aspiration towards a more perfect order which was, and is, the real guiding force of the Revolution—not for those outbursts of savagery which Carlyle, with his natural sympathy for everything that is anti-social, has made most prominent in his history.

"Jewish Ideals"

And Other Essays. By Joseph Jacobs. Macmillan & Co.

MOST OF THE books now published about the Jews are either valueless from a literary standpoint, or so technical and narrow as to appeal to a very limited audience. But here is a writer who, besides being a Jew, is a man of the world and can see the relations of things. His book is written, not so much for his own race, as with the object of discovering to Christians the Jewish point of view, the Jewish attitude towards life. In the essay which gives its title to the book, he formulates the fundamental beliefs of the Jews, the doctrines which lie at the root of their character and are responsible for the nature of its development. In giving these basic facts in the soul-history of the race, the writer shows their extraordinary vitality, their quickening influence, which has become a part of every thought and every action. We are made to feel the significance of those ideals which distinguish the Jews from all other peoples, as well as the tremendous importance to ourselves of the Hebraic idea of righteousness, which became an essential part of our own creed. "It is doubtful," writes Mr. Jacobs in the essay on "The God of Israel," "it is doubtful whether the Aryan mind has completely assimilated Hebraic righteousness. Only when it has the instinct to do right as right, apart from rewards and punishments, will the work of the Bible be done." And in another place he asserts that "the views about conduct which the old Hebrews held in connection with their religious conceptions have become the moral or ideal views of conduct for the civilized world." No one would wish to deny this who appreciates the large sanity of the Jewish ethical code, its rigorous righteousness and its unswerving dignity.

In the first essay Mr. Jacobs maintains that there are four principles which distinguish the Jewish system of ethics from

any other. These are the conception of morality as law; the regard for the holiness of home; the belief in the mission of Israel; and the hallowing of history, which "differentiates man from the brute, and causes the men of the historic nations to be more civilized than the savage." Such are the principles which have held the race together and kept it distinct from the rest of mankind. Mr. Jacobs accounts for the absence of proselytising zeal by the liberal belief that "the pious of all nations have a part in the world to come"; and he justifies the "remaining apart of the Jews," because of the "tendency among huge masses of people to crush individuality." From such a mass—a "dead level of mediocrity,"—he thinks, "the world has nothing to hope for in moral teaching." He does not explain the nature of the mission of Israel, saying that the phrase covers many different ideals, but signifies always a belief that the Jews are destined to perform "some special function in the development of humanity." Yet he adds this trenchant sentence:—

"Even if the mission turn out to be an illusion, I say it is better for men to have an illusory ideal than none at all. * * * I see nothing for it," he concludes, "but that each should live up to the highest that he himself can grasp, trusting that in the final issue the supreme highest will prevail, and hoping that his ideal will at least form a part of the final aim of humanity."

The second essay, on "The God of Israel," is somewhat pedantic and involved; but the critic is disarmed by the writer's eloquent apology for its youthful fire in its introduction. It is followed by a most interesting defense of Mordecai in "Daniel Deronda" against the ignorant patronage of many reviewers. He upholds the reality of the portrait, and on this point speaks with authority. His admiration for George Eliot is exuberant, and he thanks her for showing the world the truth that "Judaism is something still throbbing in human lives, still making for them the only conceivable vesture of the world." To him Mordecai is "the most impressive personality in English fiction." Browning's studies of Jews interest him, also, and in his essay on that subject he touches, with keen discrimination, the keynote of the poet's philosophy in the formula, "Aspiration is achievement." The paper on Jehuda Halevi gives a scholarly, but not a picturesque, account of a dramatic personality.

Mr. Jacobs shows himself broad enough to see the faults of his people, and in a satirical letter addressed to them he maintains—somewhat clumsily, for humor sits heavily upon him,—that he has discovered the true and complete solution of the Jewish question in the advice, "Make fools of your children." He explains it by saying:—

"We must give up praising our little ones for every act or word of sharpness we observe in them. * * * We must make our sons foolish enough to think that there are other ends in life besides success, and that it is well at times to act without any definite aim at all. We must teach our daughters to be so foolish as to regard culture and comfort, rather than splendor and respectability, as the ideal of home. Let us rejoice, rather than feel shame, when we find some of our children dull but kindly, and even encourage the amiable weakness. * * * I am sure that most Jewish fathers and mothers will agree with me that if they take my advice they will be making fools of their children."

But in this way alone, he argues, can they make themselves liked by the races among which they live. It is we, though, who need to change, we who cannot see beyond the unpopular qualities to the ideals which vitalize the race. This writer sees both, but forgives the lesser for the sake of the greater. "It is the conviction of many others, besides us Jews," he says at last, "that a Divine purpose runs through the long travail of Israel. Jews alone form a bridge between ancient and modern times. If their history does not contain any inner meaning, then the life of man upon this earth has no rational aim."

MR. LAFCADIO HEARN has passed the last stage in the process of his Orientalization. He has changed his name, and will henceforth be known as Y. Kojumi.

"Retrospective Reviews"

By Richard Le Gallienne. *Lodd, Mead & Co.*

WRITING of a similar collection by Mr. George Moore, who prefaced it in book-form by putting it that "the editor of *The Speaker* allowed me to publish from time to time chapters of a book on art," Mr. Le Gallienne defends the republication in an integral way of what has originally appeared in periodicals. But the defence hardly covers such a very disjointed book as we have here, under a curiously tautological and unsuccessful title. The real defence that may be made is twofold; from Mr. Le Gallienne's standpoint, the perfectly proper pleasure and (let us hope) profit accruing to him from the existence of these two well-printed volumes—from the reader's, a different kind of pleasure and profit, in the possession of what the sub-title designates better as a "literary log" of four somewhat notable years, 1891-1895, by a skilled and intelligent hand. Just in the same way that old diaries make the most delightful reading for one who has been a part of the events which they record, these collected reviews afford us the pleasure of knowing in a consecutive and untroublesome way how a good many of the books worth noting in the period "struck a contemporary." Naturally they bear certain marks of their original temporary purpose. There is the abundant quotation of a sympathetic reviewer wishing to introduce a new good thing to the public; and when he forgets for the moment to be retrospective, his prophecy is not always justified by the event. There is one passage in particular, to which we wish he had added a postscript. Speaking of Walter Pater's passion for perfection, he writes:—"One naturally thinks of Flaubert, and of all he suffered for the 'unique word'; and it would be interesting if some intimate would tell us if Mr. Pater travelled in such agony—in Flaubert's case literally mortal—for his beautiful prose." Now, it happens that since this was first written, Mr. Gosse has supplied the most graphic details on this very point, ending with the unspeakably pathetic words which Pater used to him:—"Do you know, I think I shall get some day quite to like writing"; and the account in all its grimness ought to have been preserved, "pour encourager les autres"—those optimistic young men who think it such an easy matter to become a great writer.

Mr. Le Gallienne's book, however, with all its inevitable limitations, is a fascinating one, not only by reason of the subjects of which it treats, but by its unflinching freshness and lightness of touch, combined with what is called in it "that peculiar piquancy of pleasure which always attaches to the criticism of contemporaries." For its people are nearly all of the present; it gives an occasional glance further back, at Herrick, or Burns, or Drayton, occasioned by new editions, but otherwise we are brought very much up to date. There is the appreciative and yet fearless criticism of acknowledged masters—Mr. Meredith in "Lord Ormont," Mr. Hardy in "Tess," Mr. Kipling in "Many Inventions," Mr. Stevenson in "The Wrecker," "The Ebb Tide" and "The Amateur Emigrant." There is the friendly regret for people who have never been well known, and whom he tries to make better known, even though they are not here to enjoy their fame, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Philip Bourke Marston. There is, lastly, in large measure, the recognition of good qualities wherever they appear in the very newest writers, some of them so new that their renown has hardly yet spread beyond the English shores. This class of reviews will be very interesting reading twenty years hence, when the retrospective person will be asking, not only for the snows of yesteryear, but for some of these geniuses so encouragingly heralded, or when, it may be, he will go back with curiosity to the springs of what has in the meantime become a mighty river. We do not know whether Mr. Le Gallienne has never reviewed a wholly bad book for the ten periodicals from whose columns these criticisms are reprinted, or whether such books are excluded here under the rule of reprinting only that which has "more than less of a permanent interest"; but so it is that the notices

in these two volumes are in the main almost wholly favorable.

Mr. Le Gallienne praises so nicely that we should have been interested in seeing some examples of his "slating." But for what he has given us, we are duly thankful. He has read widely, which gives him the power of constant apposite allusion and illustration; he has thought and analyzed for himself, so that he has something suggestive to say; and he says it in a style which is at once easy and careful. We may assure him that his hope is justified—that his book fulfils "the first obligation of any book whatever, that of being readable." We should be glad to quote from it in support of these assertions; but there are so many passages worth quoting that the task of selection would be a serious one. We shall content ourselves with sending our readers, both those who know much of recent English letters and those who know little, to browse for themselves. The latter class will be instructed, and both will be entertained and pleased.

"Charles XII"

And the Collapse of the Swedish Empire. By R. Nisbet Bain. Heroes of the Nations. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE DIFFICULTIES associated with writing the story of "The Lion of the North" are not slight. They may be seen partly in an opinion by his great descendant, Gustavus III., who said that "Charles XII. was rather extraordinary than great. He certainly had not the true conquering temperament, which simply aims at acquisition of territory. Charles took dominions with one hand, only to give them away with the other. Superior to Alexander, with whom it were an injustice to compare him, he was as much inferior to his rival, Peter, in the qualities which make a great ruler, as he excelled him in those qualities which go to make a great hero." The task, however, of describing the character of such a man was evidently committed to worthy hands. To be sure, the book before us has conspicuous limitations, but in its field it is successful. Only the lines along which the complete biography should be written are attempted, but these are all brought out clearly and interestingly; and in the presentation of facts here made, the erroneous notions for which Voltaire's romantic "Histoire de Charles XII." is mainly responsible have been dissipated.

One hears often that the history of Sweden has been the history of her kings, and Mr. Bain's narrative seems to emphasize still further that familiar verdict. An introductory survey of previous rulers—Charles XI. especially—reveals facts in harmony with this idea. Then, when the records come to 1697-1719, we are told of the boy-king, of the beginnings of the great northern war and Narva, of the king-maker in Poland and the Szeczyński episode, of Charles's activities as the arbiter of Europe for a few brief years after 1704, of the Russian war from Narva to Pultawa, of the heroic Turkish exile, and so on up to the last venture. In all of these proceedings, the view is one of the king. His marvelous deeds at arms, his obstinate adherence to senseless plans, his career as a soldier and as a diplomat, fill up most of the book. Yet the lines of the larger biography would be clearly mistaken, were we to pass by the suggestion, at least, of other points of view. The meaning of the hero-king's policy was printed in hard characters among his subjects. The portrait is sad, full of heroism and of lessons. Such devotion and such distress go not often together. It has been amply proved, though not in this volume, that from 1709 to 1719 Sweden was rushing to economic ruin at an ever accelerating speed. The life of the king was the prime obstacle in the way of peace, and, for want of that, the nation had been sacrificing and perishing. The Continental policy of its rulers was not built on broad enough foundations, and failure in maintaining it was inevitable. The death of Charles "meant the speedy and complete extinction of Sweden's political greatness, but it was a distinct benefit to the Swedish people."

"The German Emperor"

William II. By Charles Lowe. *Public Men of To-day.* Frederick Warne & Co.

MR. LOWE's qualifications to write on any feature of modern German political affairs do not need to be described. The sketch before us has been made by the descriptive rather than the critical method, in view of the opinion that the character of a contemporary sovereign can best be painted with the colors of his own deeds and words. The selection of these colors Mr. Lowe has made with great care. He wisely follows the principle of not venturing a positive opinion on a man before he has joined the great majority, yet the facts on many pages are so brought out as to leave with the reader an inference that William II. should not deny himself the opportunities, which a long and glorious life is likely to afford him, of leaving to posterity some impressions different from those of his past seven years. Without question, the Emperor has proved himself one of the most remarkable men of his time; his qualities are such as make a man in his position a figure to be watched. In his earliest years he appears to have been a "glutton for work," and his energy has never departed from him. He was a hard student; spite of serious physical hindrances, he developed into a noteworthy soldier and army-leader; he worked like a slave to master the principles and details of Prussian and Imperial administration; and, since his accession, he has not scrupled to have a matured opinion on all the questions that arise from time to time in the society to which he has been appointed by Heaven as guardian.

He has been imperious without always being imperial; his banner of Hohenzollern divine right has been waved on all possible occasions; he has told his people that they have but one master, and "I am he"; "sic volo, sic jubeo"; "nemo me impune lacessit"; "suprema lex regis voluntas." Bismarck, with all his prestige and power of years and deeds, he dismissed with supreme confidence; with a light heart he disposed likewise of the high-minded and high-mettled Caprivi; he became endowed with an understanding of the forces at work among the German people, and poses as the savior of society. But there have been several evidences that his understanding is not so infallible as we should expect in a Heaven-wise sovereign. With all this, the Emperor-King is a distinctly military monarch—a soldier first, a naval as well as a military critic, an administrator, a diplomat, a financier, an educator, a social reformer, a King by divine right and the head of the Triple Alliance—there is certainly little reason for not pointing to William II. as a remarkable man. He is a great doer, and it will require careful study, from many points of view, of the rest of his life and work, to criticise adequately his historical position. So far as Mr. Lowe's record takes us, however, wisdom in word and deed is not the first judgment that comes to the reader's mind. Rather does he think of energy, resolution, confidence and imperiousness.

Two Outdoor Books

1. *Spring Notes from Tennessee.* By Bradford Torrey.
2. *New England Woods and Fields.* By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

AT THIS, the loveliest time of all the year, with its fresh new leaves and blossoms coming quickly into view, the lover of the outdoor world is not likely to take kindly to books of any kind. The real thing before his own eyes will be preferred to another's report thereof; but Mr. Torrey's books are the exception to this. They are welcome at any time and delightfully supplement our May-day outings. Much of this overabundant literature about Nature does well enough for winter reading, aiding us, as it does, to call back springtide pictures that we looked upon months ago. There is, however, a possible pleasure in summer reading—outside of novels,—of looking from pleasant pages to the pleasing landscape; but how difficult is the task of making the pages of a book as bright as a May-day! Bradford Torrey pretty nearly accomplishes this. This volume (1) is, of course, a bird-book, for the author has no sympathy with, and probably does not volun-

tarily visit, birdless areas; but he is not blind to all else save birds. Whatever of human nature he encounters that is out of the ordinary, he recognizes at a glance and has the knack of transferring to his pages in a peculiarly happy manner. By so doing he proves that a naturalist is not necessarily a misanthropic crank, but one who sees life in all its forms more nearly as it is than falls to the lot of most people. Mr. Torrey could write an excellent novel, if he would but try.

This is the fifth of his books about birds, and it is a pleasing thought to know that our country is so large, and that there are birds enough and queer people and odd places enough to keep him busy for many a day. There is no danger that he will overtax our patience, if with each returning spring, for years to come, he follows his "Notes from Tennessee" with cheerful birds' songs and birds' ways, as he hears and sees them anywhere and everywhere from Maine to Texas, and even on the far-off Pacific coast.

Only a comparatively small number of books of this class can be considered as literature at all. They sell, however, and so are read, and this is evidence that they afford a certain amount of entertainment. It is a wholesome condition when a love of Nature becomes popular, or, being a natural taste, is not allowed to die for want of pabulum. Mr. Robinson's book (2) contains a series of fifty-seven very brief sketches that are not dreary and often have sufficient power to bring up to the reader a vivid recollection of some early experience of his own. For this, the volume will be valued by many a person, who, having spent a joyful youth in the country, is compelled to end his days in town. Such of our author's readers will be grateful to him for these hints, which will enable them to recall many a pleasant adventure of their own. But of these outdoor books as a class, are there not already too many? The literature of the woods, fields and skies has yet to be completed, but mere sketch-books have nothing in common with such real literature. Thoreau gave the movement a start and even more than an impetus, but his weighty words have, as a rule, been only feebly echoed.

"In Search of Quiet"

A Country Journal. (May-July.) By Waller Frith. Harper & Bros.

THERE WAS ONCE a clergyman's little son who conceived a violent and unphilosophical dislike to the wondrous tale which the cats (following the moon, like tides) took up night by night outside his window. "Papa," he pleaded, when the rector came in to kiss him good-night, "won't you move away and take another parish where there are no cats?" "My boy," said the father gravely, from the height of experience, "there are cats in every parish." This simple tale conveys the *motif* of Mr. Walter Frith's book. The hero (or the author, for the two are so allied that the letters in the story are signed "W. F.") flees from the bustle and chatter of London to a little village, apparently not far from Oxford, in order to complete the law-book he is writing. He finds, in the secluded spot which promises so much peace on his arrival, tragedies of such an acute and constraining order, that his literary labors are seriously impeded by the part which he is compelled to play in them. The book touches a sympathetic chord by its appeal to human experience in the line which our apologue suggested. The skeleton that is at every feast and in every closet rises before the reader's imagination to justify the appeal; and we almost resent the implied assertion that the narrator has none of his own.

A fine dramatic instinct runs through the development of the plot, and a pathos painful in its intensity belongs to the Ophelia-like heroine (if a diary may have a heroine), when for a time she loses her reason under the stress of the events which crowd so thick upon each other. But the book has perhaps a greater value in its keen intuition of character-types—or its minute observation of living models, as we are sometimes tempted to imagine. These are not bucolic, as might be supposed, but belong almost entirely to the narrator's own class, which is represented more largely than is usual in such remote communities. None is better than a delightfully real school-boy, with whom Crossjay Paternie would not disdain to fraternize; but the choleric, yet really kind-hearted, old Major, the cricketer doctor and several more of Mr. Frith's people, are very good and true. There is, perhaps, a trifle too much of irrelevant reflection, prefaced by "I sometimes think," and we could have spared a number of the purple-patch quotations (one, by the way, from the Song of Songs, which Mr. Elbert Hubbard's recension does not recognize), and of the witticisms calculated to raise a polite smile in conversation, but scarcely worth writing down; and we wonder

if Mr. Frith deliberately chose the name of Bundy for one of his characters in order that he might dismiss his conversations as "*causeries de Bundy*." The book is essentially so good that we feel a desire to edit it by a number of slight excisions, which would leave its goodness more incontestable.

Quakers and Shakers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the first book-notice in the February *Harper's* (on "The Day of their Wedding"), I read (the italics are mine):—"In this delightful story of Mr. Howells's he goes back to the Quaker Society at Lebanon," etc., and said to myself, "Is this the printer's error or the writer's?" In the next notice (of "James Inwick") is this sentence:—"Mr. Howells's Innocent Quakers found the world turned wrong side up," etc. Upon which I said, "If this is the printer's fault, what is the proof-reader doing meanwhile?" On turning the page, I found, in the fourth notice, this paragraph, harking back to the first book:—

"Whether the pathetic little Quaker bride of Lorenzo Weaver would have made a clever wife or not, no man can tell, unless Mr. Howells gives us a sequel to 'The Day of their Wedding.' But Quaker brides in fiction have turned out very brilliant and very satisfactory women of the world in other times. Witness, for instance, the Susannah Temple with whom Mr. Japhet Newland fell in love, while he was still 'In Search of his Father,' and the Miss Emma Torrens, whom some of the more old-fashioned of us can recall, and very pleasantly, as a member of 'The Serious Family' that we met on Burton's stage, in Chambers Street, in the early fifties."

My memory not extending back to the early fifties, I do not share the writer's advantage in recalling the character of Miss Emma Torrens in "The Serious Family," but the version of this play included in the Modern Standard Drama gives no indications that she was anything more than the ordinary stage young lady; her speech is not that of a Friend, while her costumes—white muslin and blue silk in one act, a scarlet ball gown in another—are scarcely suitable for either a Quaker or a Shaker. As for Susannah Temple, she is certainly spoken of as a Quaker as well as the rest of her family described in Marryat's novel. In one of these book-notices, indeed, "the minister of Snowdon" is said to be "as good a man as was the Shaker leader." Against this one instance of the word "Shaker" may be offset the four places where the word "Quaker" occurs; and the question arises, which was the typographical error—the one "Shaker" or the four "Quakers"? Moreover, granting these last to be mistakes of the printer, how are we to account for the allusions to Friend Susannah Temple and other "Quaker brides in fiction," on which the writer bases his observations, since one of the principal and best-known points of variance between the two sects is that Quakers marry and Shakers do not?

At all events, there was no doubt in my mind that the writer was ignorant of their essential distinctions. Accordingly, on the impulse of the moment, I wrote a plain, straightforward letter to that effect, signed with my full name and address; and undoubtedly expressed myself with more warmth than the occasion demanded. I received in reply an anonymous letter, the writer of which excused himself on the ground that the error referred to was typographical, as the author "was perfectly familiar with the two sects and with the great differences between them." In the current number of *The Bookman* that letter is printed in substance, though not literally transcribed, and Mr. Laurence Hutton is the acknowledged author, the comment after it being:—"There was no response." Had I known to whom I was indebted for the "retort courteous," I should most assuredly have sent a response in which, after apologizing for my unintentionally "violent and discourteous letter," I should have set forth the above reasons for my assumption. As, however, Mr. Hutton has chosen to print his side of the story, it seems only fair that the argument on the other side should be given to the public. The open discussion of this question will not be altogether a matter of regret, if it helps to correct the popular impression that Quakers and Shakers are one and the same thing.

JEANIE LEA SOUTHWICK.

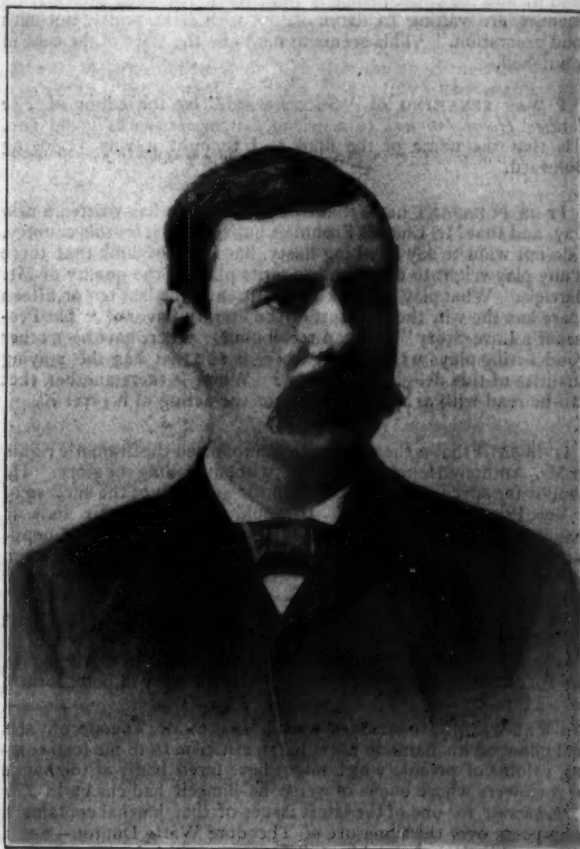
THE NINTH annual report of the Summer Rest Society shows that during May 27-Oct. 28 of last year, it received in its cottage at Woodcliffe, N. J., fifty-six boarders, among them being teachers, trained nurses, art-students, governesses, missionaries, Bible teachers, matrons, music and singing teachers, of American, German, French and English nationality. The Society's aim, it may be added, is to provide, at the lowest possible cost, rest and country air for self-supporting gentlewomen.

The Lounger

STEVENSON'S "Weir of Hermiston" was dictated to his wife's daughter and dedicated to his wife. The dedication is in verse:—

"I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn
On Lammermuir. Harkening I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place, I wrote.
Take thou the writing: thine it is. For who
Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher, chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?
So now, in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine."

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC, the vigorous London correspondent of the *New York Times*, whose portrait I present herewith, has made a decided hit in England with his new novel, "Illumination"



—known here as "The Damnation of Theron Ware" (see *The Critic* of May 2). On the strength of this success he has brought out an old story, entitled "Marsena," and this, too, has been favorably received by our English cousins, though its allusions to Brook Farm and other things American puzzle them not a little. I believe Mr. Frederic now wears a beard.

THE QUESTION, whether it helps or hurts a book to be published serially, is one that is much discussed among publishers. Mr. Scribner is said to be one of those who think that it hurts a book to be published first in any other form. He paid Mr. Stockton a large price for "The Late Mrs. Null," so that it should be published in book-form only, and did the same with Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality." And yet one need go no further than Mrs. Burnett's stories to prove that serial publication does a book no harm, for her most successful story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," ran as a serial in *St. Nicholas*. I am willing to stake my reputation as a prophet that Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" is going

to have just as big a sale as any book he ever wrote, notwithstanding its serial publication. What about "Trilby"? Wasn't that story published in the columns of one of the most widely circulated magazines in the world? One would suppose that everybody who wanted to read it would have read it in *Harper's*, but it seems that such was not the case.

I ASKED a well-known publisher recently what was his opinion in the matter. He is the publisher of a magazine as well as of books, and it seems to me that his answer covers the situation. "Serial publication," he said, "helps a good book and hurts a poor one. It is just this way—if a story is running in a magazine, everyone who reads it and likes it is a touter for the book. He tells his friends, and, when the book is published, they buy it on his recommendation. Not only that, but the very people who have read the story in the magazine are the ones that want it in book-form. They have lost numbers of the periodical, and want to read it again. If the story is not a good one, the readers of the magazine in which it is printed warn all of their friends not to read it, and the consequence is that, when the book appears, its enemies are waiting to damn it, not with faint praise, but with loud execration." This seems to me to be the state of the case in a nutshell.

I WAS SPEAKING of "Successward," by the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, to a friend. "Successward," said she, "is that the name of the book? I thought it was 'Looking Bokward'."

IT IS PLEASANT news that Mr. J. M. Barrie has written a new play, and that Mr. Charles Frohman has secured it for this country. I do not want to say anything hasty, but I do not think that there is any playwright to-day who can write plays of the quality of Mr. Barrie's. What play that has been written in the last ten or fifteen years has the wit, the delicacy, or the literary flavor of "The Professor's Love-Story"? I can recall none. There have been other good acting plays written, but where is one that has the staying qualities of this delightful comedy? Where is there another that can be read with as much pleasure as the acting of it gives?

IT IS SAID that a theatrical agent purchased the dramatic rights in Mr. Anthony Hope's "Phroso" without reading the story. He bought for speculative purposes, on the strength of the success of "The Prisoner of Zenda." It would seem from this that it makes no difference, so far as pecuniary rewards go, what a popular author may write. Fortunately Mr. Hope may be relied upon for good work. It has been suggested that the name "Phroso" has a flavor of patent medicines:—"Try Phroso for the Blues," "When in doubt, take Phroso," "Good morning, have you used Phroso?" "Phroso in time saves doctors' bills," etc.—there is no end to the suggestions in this title. I commend the foregoing to the F. A. Stokes Co., which will publish the story in book-form.

I WAS WRONG, it seems, in surmising that Mr. Theodore Watts had changed his name to avert harsh criticism from his forthcoming volume of poems, which might have fared badly at the hands of reviewers whose books of verse he himself had cut up in *The Athenaeum*; for one of the latest issues of that journal contains a long poem over the signature of Theodore Watts Dunton—not a sonnet, this time, but a bit of dialect verse, with fourteen explanatory footnotes! Mr. Dunton has at last decided, it seems, to write about Dante Rossetti. He will be able, he assures *The Spectator*, to paint "a much more cheerful picture of him than any that has yet been painted."

I FIND THIS paragraph in *The Pocket Magazine*—

"It is about as hard to get into the 'sanctum' of certain magazines in this city as it would be to storm a fortress. If you want to see the editor, you enter the business office, where the editorial room is called up, by tube or telephone, and if your name is satisfactory, you are permitted to mount up four or five flights of stairs to the editor's office. The unknown man is practically barred out, and he has no chance to reach the editor, except by mail."

I know nearly all the editorial sanctums in this city, and not one of them answers this description. It seems to me that there is no one more accessible than the New York magazine editor. If you go to the Messrs. Harper's establishment and want to see Mr. Alden, there is nothing to prevent your going straight to his office, if you only know the way. The first time you go, you may need

a guide, but after that it is perfectly simple. Mr. Alden is in plain sight, and all you have to do is to speak to him, unless he is already engaged with a visitor.

AT THE *Century* office, the editor is even more easily approached, for the entire business of the magazine is carried on on one floor, and all the doors are wide open. At the Messrs. Scribner's there is an elevator to take you up to Mr. Burlingame. If you have never been there before, perhaps someone, seeing that you are unfamiliar with the place, will politely ask you whom you wish to see, and then take your card in to the editor, who, unless otherwise engaged, will see you at once. At *The North American Review* it is a little more difficult to see Gen. Bryce or Mr. Munro, but that is rather because of the situation of the editorial offices than of any desire to be exclusive. In no instance can I recall tube or telephone in getting at an editor. If fortresses were as easily stormed as are editorial sanctums, there would be no need of Gatling guns, or men-of-war.

AMONG THE premiums offered by *La Nazione* of Florence to new subscribers are stem-winding watches, alarm clocks "of white metal," bottles of Cognac, Burgundy and Sauternes, silk umbrellas and books. It would seem, therefore, that this "premium" is not a "Yankee notion"—or, if it is, that it has made its way abroad as rapidly as the dressed beef of Illinois and the over-dressed heiress of other sections of the "States."

THERE BE THOSE who contend that not only time, but grammar, was made for slaves; that the only question in constructing a sentence is whether it expresses one's meaning or not. This, of course, is a very crude way of looking at the thing. I am about to print an extract from a paper published in the suburbs of New York, which does not leave the reader in a moment's doubt as to the writer's meaning, though it makes at least one statement diametrically opposed thereto:—"A very unfortunate part of the accident was that Mr. Palmer's fine horse had his leg broke, rendering him useless. Dr. Birdsall was called but could do nothing for the animal so he was shot." This shows not so much a summary expedition in the meting out of justice, as a royal superiority to the rules of grammar. Its effect upon the reader is a powerful plea for correct construction.

"Fly Leaf" vs. "Philistine"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As a good many contradictory statements are being circulated in the press, and by Mr. Hubbard himself in other channels, as to the reasons for the abrupt severance of my relations with Mr. Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, N. Y., and *The Philistine* and Roycroft Printing Shop, I wish to give a brief history of an association which has, unfortunately, been made very public, and which lasted a period of only nineteen days.

To begin with, the whole idea of the incorporation of my little publication *The Fly Leaf* with *The Philistine* originated with Mr. Hubbard. I never at any time had any thought of suggesting such a move; although some months before Mr. Hubbard started *The Philistine*, in a conversation I had with him in Boston, immediately after the first issue of *The Chap Book*, I had suggested to him that we might go into a partnership together and bring out another small publication on somewhat different lines. He liked this idea, but we did not discuss the matter further. After this he went to his home in East Aurora and began the publication of *The Philistine*, with Mr. Harry P. Taber; and I had no further idea of a partnership of any sort with him.

The Philistine had been running for some months, when I decided to start the publication of *The Fly Leaf* in Boston. I was just about to bring out the fifth number when Mr. Hubbard, without any previous intimation, wrote me, on February 20, stating that his associate, Mr. H. P. Taber, had left him. In this letter he said:—

"If we could consolidate *The Fly Leaf* and *The Philistine* and you come on here (East Aurora) we could, by hard work, make a life work of the thing, and thus do a John Ruskin-William Morris work, or better. My plan is to cut loose from all publishers and booksellers. Get a constituency—and you have and I have, and then cultivate this constituency. Issuing our manifestos to the world direct, we will stand or fall on our merits. *The Philistine-Fly Leaf* will give us the ear of the world and make a market for our wares. As far as printing is concerned, if we get out one book for you, one for me, and one for Stephen Crane in a year, it is all we should try to do."

I asked him to make a definite, formal proposition in writing, to which he replied offering me a salary for three months before making a permanent agreement. This I wrote I could not accept. I did not wish a salary or temporary engagement, but preferred to take my chances on what the business brought in on the basis of a division of profits, after deducting expenses, and both partners being on an equal basis. If this brought in less than the salary he offered for three months, I would be perfectly satisfied. I told him I did not so much care about immediate returns as I did about future prospects, and this would be the only inducement he could hold out to me to incorporate *The Fly Leaf* and go into business with him at all—with the idea of working to build up a business, putting in all my business ability, literary repute and good will of *The Fly Leaf*—I to hold in such business a half interest.

He wrote me saying this was exactly his idea, but that he did not care to sign a contract until he had become, through association, better acquainted with me. If he thought at the end of the three months such an arrangement would not surely be made amicably, he would not for one moment think of asking me to join him for three months or at all. With such assurance, I wrote to him saying I would trust to his word of honor and accept the three months arrangement with the distinct understanding that at the end of such time, or before, if we so decided, a contract was to be drawn up and signed on the lines of his original proposition. According to that, in his own words, we were "both to be mutually sincere and honest and share all profits and honors together," and also, as he said, "we would stand or fall on our merits." It was Mr. Hubbard's suggestion altogether that "we could do much better fighting the world together than apart." This was the correspondence that passed between us on the subject, and Mr. Hubbard sent printed announcements of the consolidation of the two magazines to the press all over the country.

On the first of April I arrived at East Aurora, and immediately started to work to build up the business—not as an employee, but as a business partner, signing my name to the firm's letters and making all sorts of business propositions in my own name, at Mr. Hubbard's personal request. My wife, who has always acted as my secretary and given me a helping hand in my business, also gave considerable help in the correspondence, etc., she being as anxious as myself to see the business develop and cheerfully doing what she could to assist and lighten my work. We had been but ten days in East Aurora when Mr. Hubbard surprised me by putting into my hand an agreement which he had drawn up, which provided that myself and wife should bind ourselves to devote all our time and energies to building up a business of which he should be sole proprietor, we being simply his employees and therefore subject to dismissal at a moment's notice. This I refused to sign. In the first place, it was altogether a different arrangement from the one which he first outlined and offered and proposed; and in the second place my wife had not for a moment dreamt of entering Mr. Hubbard's employ, and did not wish to complicate matters by being recognized in the affair at all.

Mr. Hubbard had also arranged, without advising me, to go to Europe from April until July—the three months in which he had been so insistent about getting acquainted with me before signing the partnership contract, which was the only contract or agreement I would consider. This fact, together with the interposition of the absurd proposition as to our becoming employees, of course, made me naturally suspicious of his good faith, and cancelled the three months arrangement.

I at once submitted an agreement to Mr. Hubbard in line with his original idea and offer of equal ownership, which had brought me to East Aurora. Mr. Hubbard read this over in my presence and told me that it was "all right," and he intended to make exactly such a contract with me and would sign it, but asked me to give him one week before closing it. A week passed, but Mr. Hubbard gave no sign. On the 19th of April I asked Mr. Hubbard if he intended to do as he had agreed and sign the contract. Mr. Hubbard said he would not at this time, nor at any time, sign any such contract, and that he had decided he would be sole proprietor and that I could remain if I wished temporarily as his employee. I would not consider such a proposition as this for one moment, as I had no idea of becoming Mr. Hubbard's employee on any terms he could offer.

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

EAST AURORA, N. Y., 24 April 1896.

A Book and its Story

HENRI ROCHEFORT AND HIS ADVENTURES

THE MAIN FACTS of Henri Rochefort's life are tolerably well known. Born in Paris, 29 July 1832, he studied medicine, but became a clerk in the Hôtel de Ville. Discharged for neglect of his not too arduous duties, he turned to journalism, first on the *Charivari*, then on the *Figaro*. Finally, when the proprietor of the latter, Villemessant, who was in constant fear of the Government, discharged him for his fierce attacks upon Napoleon and his régime, he started *La Lanterne*, which spread his name to all corners of Europe, and even of the entire civilized world. The paper was suppressed. Rochefort fled to Brussels; but returned to Paris in 1869, on his election to the Chamber of Deputies as representative of that city. He renewed his attacks on the Imperial Government in a new sheet, *La Marseillaise*, and tells us that Prince Pierre Bonaparte intended in reality to murder him, not Victor Noir, his collaborator. This paper, too, was suppressed, and Rochefort imprisoned, the fall of the Empire bringing him his liberty. He took part in the government of National Defence, was elected to the National Assembly in 1871, and announced his sympathy with the Commune in *Le Mot d'Ordre*. Sentenced to imprisonment for life for his part in the Communistic upheaval, he was deported to New Caledonia, whence he escaped in 1874. The general amnesty of 11 July 1880 enabled him to return to Paris, where he started *L'Intransigeant* and sat in the National Assembly in 1885-6. His last prominent appearance before the public was in connection with the Boulanger burlesque.

A life into which have been crowded so many passions, excitements and adventures, naturally must yield a rich crop of anecdotes and reminiscences; and the reader who takes up M. Rochefort's book ("Les Aventures de Ma Vie," 2 vols.: Brentano's), in the hope of being entertained as well as instructed, will not be disappointed. Strange to say, this famous duellist, this man who certainly knew no fear in his desperate struggle against an almighty ruler and his unscrupulous, criminal police, confesses at the very outset that children are, and have ever been, the absorbing passion of his life. He thus begins his very first chapter:—

"As my friends took pleasure in repeating to me constantly, I am in reality a born nursery-maid. At the age of eight, I begged my mother to go with me to the foundling asylum, that I might choose, for my New Year's present, a baby that should be all my own, which I might dress and wash myself. * * * This instinctive solicitude for children has with the flight of time become almost a diseased state of mind—in fact, one of the causes of constant uneasiness of my life. Wherever I go, I imagine I see little martyrs. When I hear a mother or a maid speak crossly to a baby, I begin to think at once that the child's little body must be black and blue with blows, that it must be starved and tied to its little bed at night with strong cords. * * * This sentiment I have evidently inherited from my mother, who, although she could scold us roundly, sometimes even for nothing, yet clung to us as a hen to her chickens, and never could let me leave the house, even when I was twenty-five or thirty, without the touching appeal, 'Be careful, child, that you are not brought home on a shutter.'"

His second great interest through life has been the discovery of old masters; and he tells apropos of this passion some excellent stories, to which we will return at the end of this paper. In his early chapters, Rochefort gives a detailed account of his family, remarking that his enemies, having exhausted a wonderfully rich vocabulary of invective, invariably kept for a crowning insult the fact, hurled at him a hundred times, that he is a *Marquis*! He also reflects humorously upon the strange turns of the wheel of fortune, which made an *émigré* of his grandfather because he was a royalist, and sent him into exile because he was an enemy of tyrants. M. Rochefort forgets, however, that he has been an enemy of all established things through life, and that he has fought the Republic when there was no Empire to fight, going even to the length of supporting Boulanger, whom, of course, he would have attacked in turn, had that pitiful caricature of the Man on Horseback dared to grasp the reins of government, and succeeded. It is particularly interesting to re-read Alphonse Daudet's novels in the light of these "Aventures"; each supplements the other, and the men who pass across the stage under slightly disguised names in the novels reappear here in their full identity, and are handled without gloves—in fact, with sharp hooks.

We cannot help regretting that M. Rochefort has found it necessary to retail some family traditions regarding the famous neck-

lace scandal, which show us Marie Antoinette in a most disagreeable light; nor are we in need of unmentionable scandals about Napoleon I.—we are so richly provided with them already,—and we really do think that his attacks, in *La Lanterne*, on Napoleon's mother were in execrable taste. We are not used to dragging our womankind into our political controversies, although it has been done in England in the late Mr. Parnell's case, but M. Rochefort thought every weapon fair that would help to wound the tyrant and undermine his prestige, and, seeing that he fought against an overwhelming majority, he may perhaps be allowed to plead extenuating circumstances. That the Empress Eugénie fares badly at his hands, "goes without saying," and M. Rochefort bears witness to the accuracy of much of the gossip that the compiler of "An Englishman in Paris" retailed about her. It cannot be said, moreover, that he treats the weaker sex with much consideration. His reflections about woman in general are hard, cynical and disagreeable. He tells the story of the founding and success of *La Lanterne* with evident satisfaction, and quotes gleefully his clever profession of political faith:—

"My profession of political faith had taken all Paris by storm, and also some of the *départements*. In it I complained that I was misunderstood, as I had never ceased to be a thoroughgoing Bonapartist. 'But,' I added, 'I certainly have the right to choose my favorite hero in the dynasty. Among the legitimists, some prefer Louis XVIII., others, Louis XVI., while others will swear by Charles X. As a Bonapartist, I prefer Napoleon II. It is my right to do so. I will even add that to me he is the ideal of a sovereign. It cannot be denied that he has occupied the throne, for is not his successor called Napoleon III? What a reign, my friends, what a reign! Not a single tax, no useless wars with their carnage, no expeditions to far-away lands, in which one spends six hundred millions to collect fifteen francs; no ruinous civil lists, no ministers holding, each of them, five or six posts at a hundred thousand francs each. This is, indeed, my ideal of a sovereign! Ah, yes! Napoleon II., you I love and admire without reservation! Who will now dare to say that I am not a sincere Bonapartist?'"

* * *

The historical part of the volume is, of course, the most important; but there is another side to it that is equally interesting. M. Rochefort met many men who were famous in other fields than that of politics, among them Barye and Victor Hugo. Of the latter he says:—

"Victor Hugo not only wrote verse, but thought in it. He told me that his first thought, on awakening in the morning, invariably came to him in the form of an alexandrine. Often, in the heat of a discussion, he would suddenly begin to scan and rhyme his arguments * * * then continue the conversation in prose, evidently unconscious of his versified interpolation. * * * Moreover, in many of his novels, especially in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' many phrases can easily be found that he has involuntarily versified. Poetry had become his usual language, and he found it almost difficult to speak any other."

* * *

In his book on "Les Mystères de l'Hôtel des Ventes," M. Rochefort has already told us many amusing and interesting particulars of his experiences as a lover of art. He tells here a few stories that are capital, among them being one of a sale at which a head of Christ, bearing the inscription "Salvator Mundi," was "put up" by the auctioneer with the words, "Gentlemen, we will now sell a painting by Salvator Mundi, an artist of the school of Bologna, whose works are highly praised in Italy." At another sale he found a "Portrait of Louis XV., by Velasquez." And in his admirably short preface he tells us that he has met Millet in the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, in the shop of a small picture-dealer, who refused to give 300 francs for a painting by the master which has since been sold for 87,000. He has read a letter of Millet's, whose slightest sketches now bring fabulous prices, in which the latter writes in despair:—"I dare not pass the butcher-shop. There are not forty *sous* in the house, and this has been going on now for twenty years."

* * *

M. Rochefort is an entertaining *raconteur*. The future will probably definitely demonstrate, what we know already to-day, that his mission was purely one of destruction. He was in the opposition from first to last, and, while he took a prominent part in the fall of Napoleon, in the disorders of the Commune, and in the conspiracy against order led by Boulanger, there is no constructive work that he can point to as his own. But he is one of the men of our day, and these memoirs will be consulted with profit by future historians, who will appreciate anew the truth of Dumas's remark, that "l'anecdote est la boutique à un sou de l'histoire."

A. S. v W.

London Letter

A VERY GREAT deal of interest is taken in the revival of "King Henry IV." by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, which takes place this afternoon, but unfortunately concludes too late for any account of it to catch the mail. As most people know, Mr. Tree has long been very tired of playing Svengali; and there have been rumors that he was half inclined to take the play off in the very heyday of its prosperity. However, it is a risky step to supplant a piece which is still playing to an average profit of 600*l.* a week; and Mr. Tree wisely decided to introduce his novelty at a *matinée*. He decided upon "Henry IV."; and, at first, I believe, contemplated a comparatively inexpensive performance, in which he should employ the costumes and accessories already used at Manchester. But, when the properies arrived, they gave but little satisfaction, and so Mr. Tree decided upon fitting out the revival with a setting of its own. The result will be a production upon which immense care has been bestowed, and concerning which the chief fear of those interested is that it will be too large for the Haymarket stage. In looking over the cast, one is astonished to see how many of the actors engaged have learnt their art in Mr. Benson's Shakespearian school. Mr. Frank Gillmore, who is said to make a very respectable Prince Hal, began his stage experiences with Mr. Benson; and in the same company Mr. Herbert Ross, now Poins, was one of the principal *jeunes premiers*, while Mr. Vibart was great in "old men." But the most important of Mr. Tree's recruits from Mr. Benson's army is Mr. William Molleson, whose interpretation of Henry IV. is said, by those who have seen the rehearsals, to be the most notable feature of the revival after Mr. Tree's Falstaff. Mr. Molleson was for years with the Benson troupe; and I remember him well as a wonderful Ghost in "Hamlet." It is to be hoped that, as Mr. Tree will sooner or later put "Henry IV." into the evening-bill, all these gentlemen will secure permanent positions in a London house. They have served a long and patient apprenticeship in the provinces. Mr. Lewis Waller will be the Hotspur, and Mr. L. Holman Clark, Owen Glendower, while Mr. Lionel Brough reappears as Bardolph. It is a most promising cast altogether.

Mr. Harmsworth's half-penny morning paper, *The Daily Mail*, appeared on Monday and astonished everyone by the excellence of its get-up and the vivacity and actuality of its contents. It is to all intents and purposes precisely what it purports to be: a penny paper at half the price, and the marvel is how such a thing can be produced at a profit. But Mr. Harmsworth has a genius for cheap journalism and knows, moreover, what the public wants. It is said that the secret of his success lies in the fact that he supervises everything himself. Instead of engaging an expensive editor for each new venture, he sets over it a young man trained under his own eye, and practically manages all departments personally. Here, at once, is a great saving of expense; but it entails, of course, an uncommon strain upon the individual. Mr. Harmsworth, however, is indefatigable; and the result of his exertions is the extraordinary vogue of his productions. *The Daily Mail* was an assured success from its first number, which came forth from the press as neat and orderly as though it had been running for months. All who have had a hand in starting a paper will appreciate what that neatness and order meant.

The dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, on Wednesday evening, brought together a number of persons distinguished in literature, and was the cause of some sounding oratory in the Warden of Merton, and a number of entertaining anecdotes from Capt. Young-husband. *The Daily Chronicle* of this morning takes the opportunity to speak disparagingly of the Committee of this Fund, remarking that its members are not distinguished for literary performance, nor likely to know where help may best be bestowed. It would be better, the paper continues, to unite the Fund with the Incorporated Society of Authors, whose Council is, by inference, both distinguished and philanthropic. The paragraph is not very generous and can scarcely be founded upon a thorough knowledge of the wise assistance periodically rendered by the Literary Fund. The work it has done in the past is admirable, and a comparison of its Committee with that of the Authors' Society will show that many of the same men serve on both bodies, and that literature and commonsense are alike admirably represented. Besides, the functions of the Authors' Society are radically different, and it is much best that each should pursue its own course of useful activity. There is abundant room for both.

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's new quarterly, *The Savoy*, is said to have sold above the expectations of its promoters, 500 copies being disposed of—a very fair number, as English circulation goes. And this reminds me that, since January, *The New Review*, under

Mr. Henley, has more than doubled its "previous best" in the matter of sales. Its circulation is now very encouraging, and it seems as if the magazine had passed its critical stage and were on the way to permanent success. The articles on the Transvaal were primarily responsible for the vogue, but, once established, a popularity of this kind may be retained without much difficulty. The hard thing is to start the public interest; and this, it seems, is now assured.

Mr. John Davidson is about to make his reappearance as a novelist, and in a few days will put forth a volume of short stories, "Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances." It was as a tale-teller that he first won the public ear; and his humor in narrative is admirable. Meanwhile, his friends are said to be urging him to the drama, to which the success of his adaptation of "Pour la Couronne" has further inclined him. It is not at all improbable that we may soon see a play from his pen upon the boards of a West End Theatre.

LONDON, 8 May 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Grolier Club and Grolier Society

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

My attention has been called to the fact that the publishing-house of Estes & Lauriat is issuing by subscription a work called "Secret Court Memoirs," to be in ten volumes, in the prospectus to which, and also in the title-pages, this imprint appears:—"For the Grolier Society—Paris—London." It may be well, for the interest of those who are not thoroughly informed, to have it known that this project of the so-called Grolier Society has no connection whatever with the Grolier Club of New York, or its publications.

SAMUEL P. AVERY, President Grolier Club.

NEW YORK, 18 May 1896.

No Step Backward in Copyright

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It is a matter of much surprise to me and to others with what persistency your paper, without declaring itself either way, yet opposes the pending copyright legislation by publishing from time to time the proceedings of those who are attacking it. You cannot but be aware of the fact that the Treloar Bill, as it has been re-cast and is now before the Patent Committee of the House (Bill 8211), has restored all of the present provisions and features of "international" copyright. In that shape it has, it seems to me, got to be a most excellent measure, which surely deserves the most careful consideration. The restoration of the present features of international copyright has, I should think, robbed the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright Leagues of all reasonable grounds of opposition to the enactment of a law which, if passed, will give us a consistent and satisfactory body of copyright law and practice. Yet I find that the extension of the so-called "manufacturing clause" to the copyrighting of foreign music is nevertheless made the pretext for opposing the Treloar Bill.

Now, I believe in the theory of the most absolute extension of international copyright and entire "free trade" in the form of publication. And I may say that, as an enthusiastic amateur on a favorite musical instrument, I have been a liberal patron of the music publishers, and frankly avow that for many reasons I prefer the music published abroad. Yet, if there is to be any "manufacturing clause" at all in the copyright law, I cannot see why a foreign composer of music should not be placed in the same category with the foreign author of a book. If the latter is required to send his manuscript to this country for type-setting as a condition of copyright, then it is perfectly reasonable to require the same thing of the former. I have no fear that the enactment of the law will again lead to cheap unpaid reprints of foreign music; on the contrary, I believe the effect will be that foreign compositions will continue to be duly protected, but that they will be lithographed here in order to procure such protection. B. LEWINSON.

ROOM 433, TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK, 27 April 1896.

[We respectfully refer our correspondent—who writes as counsel for the Photographers' Copyright League—to our issue of March 14, where we add to a report of the proceedings of the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright Leagues a distinct and emphatic statement that "the legislation proposed by Mr. Treloar is untimely and ill-advised." Those who are surprised that we have not declared ourselves either way should rub their spectacles before reading bourgeois type. So far are we from desiring the extension of the manufacture clause, that we mean to lend our aid to every effort to secure its restriction and repeal.—EDS. THE CRITIC.]

Nora Perry

MISS NORA PERRY, who died on May 13, in Dudley, Mass., was born in the same State, at Webster, in 1841. Her youth and the greater part of her life were spent in Providence, R. I., but during the last ten years she lived in Boston. She began her literary career at the age of eighteen, her first story, "Rosalind Newcomb," being published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859-60. She was for several years Boston correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, and later of the *Providence Journal*, but was best known as an author for the young. The list of her books includes "After the Ball" and "Her Lover's Friend," poems; "New Songs and Ballads"; "The Tragedy of the Unexpected," a volume of stories; "A Book of Love-Stories," "For a Woman," a novel; "A Flock of Girls," her best-known book for young readers; and "Lorton, and Other Stories," all of which are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Other books by her, published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., are "A Flock of Girls and Boys," "Another Flock of Girls," "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," "Hope Benham" and "Lyrics and Legends," her last book of poems, published in 1891.

Of her earlier books, "The Youngest Miss Lorton, and Other Stories" was published by Messrs. Ticknor & Co., and "Bessy's Trials at Boarding-School" and "Margy's Two Troubles," the latter in the Flossy and Bossey series, by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.

Some time ago the Boston *Journal* wrote to Miss Perry, asking her which one of her own poems she liked best. Her reply read as follows:—

"In answer to your question, which of my poems I should call my favorite, I must select two, instead of one, because the two are the two sides of the shield, and to my mind represent my best work as a whole. One of these is the poem entitled 'Wendell Phillips,' and the other, 'Cheered.' The first was written from stress of personal feeling, the sudden individual need of expressing the regard and appreciation that rose up at the news of the death of a valued personal friend. The second was born of a lyric impulse united to a fancy which grew into dramatic shape and scenes, as the lyric movement gained its way."

First Editions and Scarce Books

SOME OF THE prices realized at the sale of first and scarce editions of English books, by Messrs. Bangs & Co., on May 18, were \$11 for a copy of "Blair's Grave," illustrated by William Blake (London, 1808); \$16 for Byron's "Hours of Idleness" (Newark, 1807), \$8 for a copy of the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (London, 1809), and \$9 for the "Works," with his "Letters and Journals," by Thomas Moore, and the "Life of Lord Byron," by John Galt, 18 vols.; \$10.50 for Dickens's "Christmas Carol," illustrated by John Leech, colored by hand, in original cover, with green end papers (London, 1843); \$8.25 for the first edition of Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" (3 vols., London, 1878), \$9.75 for that of "Two on a Tower" (3 vols., London, 1882), and \$9 for that of "Tess" (London, 1892); \$12.75 for Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," first edition (London, 1850); \$29 for a fine copy of Lady Jackson's "Old Paris" (London, 1878), which is scarce in any condition; \$10.75 for "The Works of Charles Lamb" (5 vols., London, 1838); \$21 for Andrew Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette" (London, 1887); \$3.25 for a copy of "Infelicia" (London, 1868); \$8.50 for a copy of the first edition of Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" (London, 1858); \$5 for Christina Rossetti's "The Prince's Progress," with illustrations after designs by her brother Dante; and \$12.50 for a subscriber's copy, with list of subscribers, of the first edition of the "Sentimental Journey" (London, 1778).

The different publications of the Grolier Club, of which a full set was sold, brought the following prices:—Two copies of the "Decree of Star Chamber," \$170 and \$202, respectively; "Rubaiyat," \$208; Irving's Knickerbocker "History of New York," \$125; Robert Hoe's "Lecture on Bookbinding," \$57; T. L. De Vinne's "Historic Printing Types," \$33, and his "Christopher Plantin," \$24; "Peg Woffington," \$55; William Matthews's "Modern Bookbinding," \$26; "Philobiblon," \$85.50; Milton's "Areopagitica," \$43; George William Curtis's "Washington Irving," \$30; "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Engraved Portraits," etc., \$8.50, and that of an exhibition of illuminated and painted MSS., \$14; "Barons of the Potomack," \$32; "Catalogue of Original and Early Editions," etc., \$20.50; "Facsimile of the Laws and Acts of the General Assembly," etc., \$50; C. D. Allen's "Classified List of Early American Book-plates," \$17; "Poems of Dr. John Donne," \$24; a copy of Flameng's etching

of Fleming's "Printing Office of Aldus," \$30.50; and "Transactions" of the Club, Jan. 1884-July 1885, \$6, and July 1885-Feb. 1894, \$8.50. The catalogue of books from the libraries or collections of celebrated bibliophiles, etc., brought \$12; the "Description of Early Printed Books owned by the Grolier Club," \$11. A copy of the bronze medallion portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Ringel d'Illzach, brought \$25.

The prices paid for Kelmescott Press publications were as follows:—"The Defence of Guenevere," \$15.50; "News from Nowhere," \$9.50; "The Nature of Gothic," \$18; "The Order of Chivalry," \$10; Orbelliani's "Book of Wisdom and Lies," \$10; and "The Friendship of Amis and Amile," \$10.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE ANNUAL meeting of the National Academy of Design for the election of officers and members of committees was held on May 13. The new Council will decide where the Academy's new home shall be. The annual distribution of the Elliot and Suydam medals and the money prizes took place on May 15. The highest honors were carried off by Vincent A. Svoboda, who won the Suydam silver medal in the life school, the bronze medal in the night class and the \$50 prize in the composition class.

—The collection of Swedish paintings which has already been exhibited in Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Boston, will be on exhibition in the art room of the new library building of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, on May 26-29 and June 1-15.

—Messrs. Curtis & Co. of Boston announce that they have begun the publication of the "Copley Prints"—a series of permanent photographs of mural and sculptural decorations in this country. The works of art already represented in the series are Mr. Sargent's and M. Puvis de Chavannes's decorations in the Boston Public Library, nine of Mr. MacMonnies's bronzes, reproductions of important works by Mr. John La Farge, Mr. Edward Simmons's decorations for the Court of Oyer and Terminer, in the Criminal Courts Building in this city, and Mr. Robert Blum's work in the concert-hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York.

—The quarterly *Portfolio* monographs, this year, will each contain over 100 pages, four plates and at least thirty other illustrations. A fifth number, to be issued in early summer, will have for its subject, "Richmond on the Thames," by Dr. Garnett; and a sixth will be issued toward Christmas time.

—One of the earliest mezzotints known, "The Executioner of St. John the Baptist," by Prince Rupert, was recently sold in London by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, for 300*l.*, which is a "record" price. The Prince was for long regarded as the inventor of the art of mezzotint engraving, but it has been shown that he learned it from a lieutenant-colonel in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse. But he surely introduced the art into England.

—We regret to learn that the New York Photogravure Co., publisher of *Sun and Shade*, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Educational Notes

THE IMPORTANCE of the proposed reforms in the New York City schools, initiated by the bill abolishing the trustee system, has been revealed to the whole country by the announcement that President Gilman of Johns Hopkins has expressed his willingness to consider an offer of the position of Superintendent. The Board of Education will elect a successor to Mr. Jasper on Thursday next. Should it secure the services of Dr. Gilman, it would deserve and receive the congratulations of every American interested in the cause of education. No one better fitted for the post could be found in the United States to-day.

Gov. Morton has signed the bill giving the site of the Reservoir at Fifth Avenue and 40th and 42d Streets to the New York Public Library. While we hold that it would have been better to throw this site into Bryant Park which adjoins it, we are disposed to congratulate the Trustees of the Library on the acquirement of so splendid a situation. The least the city could do was to provide a fitting site for the handsome building which it is proposed to erect, and the adequate provision now made assures a setting worthy of the edifice it is to frame. There is no reason why New York's consolidated libraries should not ultimately eclipse the famous Public Library of Boston.

The New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind, which was incorporated in June 1895, has just issued its first annual report. About \$500 and sixty volumes have been received, and the Rev. Dr. E. A. Bradley, vicar of St. Agnes's Church, has given the free use of a house at 121 West 91st St.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has decided to purchase two lots in the neighborhood of 114th Street and Convent Avenue as a new site for the College of the City of New York. The price is \$24,200. Other lots will be bought later.

The name of the anonymous benefactress of Barnard College, who promised to give \$100,000 for a building fund, on condition that the mortgage on the College's new site should be paid off by May 9, has been made public. Mrs. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff of Hastings, Westchester Co., N. Y., has given the sum as a memorial to her late husband and to her father, the late William H. Hoople.

A dinner was given for Prof. Francis Hovey Stoddard, Professor of English Language and Literature in the New York University, by members of his classes in the graduated seminary of the University, at the Brevoort House, on May 15.

Prof. Samuel P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, seems to have solved the question of aerial navigation. According to a report made public by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, who was present at a recent experiment with Prof. Langley's aerodrome, or flying-machine, which is of steel and driven by steam, "no one could have witnessed these experiments without being convinced that the practicability of mechanical flight has been demonstrated." Prof. Langley, who has worked for many years on his invention, has made a statement, from which we learn that no gas is used to lift his machine; that, on the contrary, it is about 1000 times heavier, bulk for bulk, than the air on which it is made to run, and which sustains it "somewhat in the way in which thin ice supports a swift skater."

The New York Library Club held its tenth annual meeting and election of officers on May 14. Mr. S. A. Nelson, Assistant Librarian of Columbia College, read a paper on the history of the Club, which was organized in June 1885, and was the first of its kind in this country.

The University of Pesth has conferred honorary degrees upon Lord Kelvin, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Glasgow University; Herbert Spencer, Max Müller, Prof. James Bryce, M. P., and Dr. John Shaw Billings of Philadelphia, who was recently appointed Superintendent-in-Chief of the consolidated libraries of New York.

Prof. Gildersleeve of the Johns Hopkins University, after traveling some time in Sicily and witnessing the Olympian games, has joined some archaeological expedition to the Peloponnesus and the site of Troy. Dr. W. K. Brooks, Professor of Zoology and Director of the Marine Zoological Laboratory of the University, has been made a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society. The new Maryland Geological Survey has been placed in charge of Dr. William Bullock Clark.

Mr. William Deering has presented to the Northwestern University real estate and bonds amounting to \$215,000.

Mr. Thomas McKean, one of the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, has offered to give \$100,000 to the University, provided that it raise \$1,000,000 within a specified time. About a year ago he gave \$50,000 to the institution, and has frequently presented it with smaller gifts. Mr. McKean, Provost C. C. Harrison and ex-President William Pepper, to all of whom the University owes so much, were members of the class of '62, and are all Philadelphians by birth.

Mme. Audiffred has bequeathed 800,000 francs to the Paris Academy of Medicine, the income (24,000 francs) to be given for the rest of his life to the physician, French or foreign, who discovers a cure for consumption.

The unveiling of the monument to Ranke in his native town, Wiehe, will take place on May 27. Prof. Lindner of Halle, the President of the Historical Commission of the province of Saxony, will deliver the *Weihrede* on the occasion. It is announced, also, in the German press that the long-delayed erection of the Grimm monument is expected to take place in June.

The examination of candidates for state scholarships at Cornell will be held throughout the state on June 6, under the supervision of the superintendents of schools in cities, and of school commissioners in the country. One scholarship is allotted to each Assembly district.

The fifteenth annual report of the United States Geological Survey contains, among much scientific matter of great value, a "Preliminary Report on the Geology of the Common Roads of the United States," by Prof. N. S. Shaler—a subject that is timely and of great popular interest. This is the last report made by Major J. W. Powell as a director of the Survey. He has had charge of the work for twenty-five years.

The fourteenth annual report of the Dante Society (Cambridge, Mass.) contains papers on "Illustrations of the Divine Comedy from the Chronicle of Fra Salimbene," by Prof. C. E. Norton, and "A Variant in the Vita Nuova," by E. Moore.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-President of Wellesley College, who is now in Venice, has accepted the invitation of the American Missionary Association to be one of the speakers at its jubilee in Boston, next October. Her subject will be, "Educational Equipment for Missionary Service." Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will return to Cambridge late in September.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce for immediate publication Leibnitz's "Critique of Locke: New Essays on the Understanding," translated from the French by Alfred G. Langley, A.M., with an appendix containing a number of Leibnitz's shorter pieces not hitherto translated. The book includes a translation of the entire fifth volume of Gerhardt's edition of "The Philosophical Writings of Leibnitz," consisting of an Introduction by Gerhardt, several short pieces on Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," and the "New Essays"; also an appendix containing, among other writings of Leibnitz's, the "Essai de Dynamique," the "Specimen Dynamicum," the letter to Jacob Thomasius, April 20-30, 1669, an appendix to a letter to H. Fabri, 1702, and a letter on the "Law of Continuity." The book is provided with complete indexes, in which the utmost possible care has been taken to secure accuracy of reference.

Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for June will contain a series of letters by Herbert Spencer on "The Metric System," which has recently been before both Congress and Parliament. Mr. Spencer vigorously opposes the further extension of the system, and points out the advantages of one based on the number twelve.

In his forthcoming book, "Wages and Capital," announced by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., Prof. F. W. Taussig of Harvard examines the relations of capital to wages, and concludes that wages are paid from capital, but not from a predetermined fund of capital. He examines and rejects the doctrine that wages are paid from the laborer's own product, and follows in detail the literary history of the wages fund doctrine and of the discussion of wages and capital.

Notes

"THE LIFE OF JAMES MCCOSH: A Record Chiefly Autobiographical," edited by Prof. William Milligan Sloane of Princeton, is in the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. At the time of his death, Dr. McCosh was engaged in writing his autobiography, and the present work has been in the main compiled from the papers he left. The chapters added by Prof. Sloane follow closely the material afforded by letters, printed speeches and published articles.

—Mr. Charles Scribner has just returned to New York after a four months' tour through the East. He is in good health and spirits, and ready to take up work again with enthusiasm.

—Mr. Stephen Crane's new novel, "George's Mother," which will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold within a fortnight, was written more than a year ago. It is a tale of "East Side" life in New York, and is said to be unusually realistic. Mr. Arnold will publish Mr. Crane's new books in London.

—Mr. Andrew Lang is writing a work called "Pickle the Spy," a chapter in the secret history of Prince Charles Edward between 1746 and 1756. From *The Athenaeum* we learn that it is founded on the State papers, manuscripts in the British Museum, and the archives of the French Foreign Office. Pickle, it should be explained, was the assumed name of a great Highland chief. Mr. Lang has been for years at work on the book, which brings out the complicity of Frederick the Great in Jacobite intrigues, and also throws light on the adventures in exile of Prince Charles.

—Mr. F. G. Kenyon, who is preparing a collection of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's letters, requests those possessing letters from her to communicate with him through Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for early publication, "Camilla," a tale of society life in Stockholm, translated from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch; "The Victory of Ezry Gardner," a Nantucket idyl, by Imogen Clark; and "The Social Meanings of Religious Experiences," by Dr. Herron.

—Messrs. Lemperly, Hilliard & Hopkins of Cleveland, O., and this city, announce as their fourth publication, "Lincoln and His Cabinet," by Charles A. Dana, with portraits of Lincoln and Mr. Dana, and a reproduction of Frank B. Carpenter's painting, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation." The edition will be limited to 350 copies.

—William Morris's new romance, "The Well at the World's End," has been printed in double columns at the Kelmscott Press, with decorative embellishments by the author and four illustrations drawn by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

—The rumor that the pulpit of the Broadway Tabernacle has been offered to Dr. John Watson (Ian MacIaren) is unfounded.

—The widow of the Rev. Dr. John S. C. Abbott, the historian, died at her home in Fishkill Village, on Monday last, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. She was a daughter of Abner Bourne of Boston. She leaves a son, Gorham D. Abbott, and five daughters, Miss Abbott, Mrs. Oliver Johnson, Mrs. Horatio O. Ladd, Mrs. Albert H. Buck and Mrs. Edward S. Mead.

—The June *Forum* will contain an article on "The Fallacy of Territorial Extension," by Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale, and a severe arraignment of royalty by Ouida, under the title of "Ego et Rex Meus: A Study of Royalty."

—An article on "Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," by Joseph B. Bishop, will appear in the June *Century*. St. Louis, where the Republican convention will be held in June, is the subject of a paper by Dr. Albert Shaw, in the same number, who deals with its city government. It is one of a series of papers on the government of American cities. Two illustrated articles in this number will deal with "Sargent and His Paintings," with special reference to Mr. Sargent's work in the Boston Public Library.

—The June *Atlantic* will contain another instalment of the letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, edited by George Birkbeck Hill; an article upon "The Politician and the Public School," by G. L. Jones, Superintendent of Schools in Cleveland, O.; and "Restriction of Immigration," by President Francis A. Walker.

—Dr. Charles Waldstein contributes to the June *Harper's* an illustrated paper on "The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany"—Adolf Menzel. Poultney Bigelow's history of "The German Struggle for Liberty" is completed in this number, and John Kendrick Bangs begins a short serial, "A Rebellious Heroine." The Rt. Rev. William Crosby Doane gives a sketch of "A Visit to Athens," and Miss Wilkins contributes a short story, "Evelina's Garden."

—*Scribner's* for June will contain the last of the late H. C. Bunner's series of urban and suburban stories, "A Letter to Town," which contains the sentimental justification a young man gives for deserting the town and establishing himself in the suburbs. The second instalment of "Vailima Table-Talk" will bring out the fact that Stevenson was fond of Chevalier's coster songs; and Henry Norman will begin a series of articles on the Eastern Question, in "In the Balkans—the Chessboard of Europe."

—The Longfellow cottage at Nahant, where the poet spent his summers for many years, and where he wrote "The Bells of Lynn," was destroyed by fire on May 18. It was the property of his daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow.

—*McClure's* for June will contain a series of fifteen portraits of Mark Twain, the earliest taken nearly thirty years ago at Constantinople, the latest, only a few months ago at Sydney, Australia. A story by Rudyard Kipling, relating how Mowgli introduced himself into the society of white men, will be reprinted by special permission in this number.

—"The Indiscretion of Elsbeth," Bret Harte's latest story, and "Reginald Blake: Financier and Cad," a new story by Jerome K. Jerome, have been secured by *The Ladies' Home Journal* for immediate publication. Mr. Harte's tale deals with the romance of a young American who falls in love with a German princess masquerading as a dairy-maid; Mr. Jerome's with fashionable London society. Ex-President Harrison's articles, it is said, have added over 100,000 to the circulation of the magazine, and the series will be extended beyond its original limit. Next in popularity come the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's articles to young men.

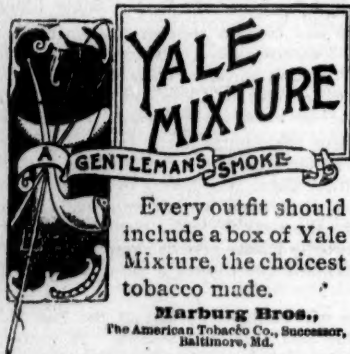
—The last dinner of the season of the Congregational Club of New York and Vicinity took place on May 19, at the St. Denis Hotel. The post prandial exercises were devoted to the late Laureate. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie talked on "Tennyson as a Poet and Religious Teacher," and there was singing by Mrs. Edward Schiller and a recitation by Miss Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh.

—The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society held its regular monthly meeting on May 15 in its new home, at 226 West 58th Street, which it has recently purchased, thus becoming, after more than twenty-five years of active work, "an adult freeholder in the city of New York," as one of the speakers expressed it. A fireproof annex will be ready in October. The American Authors Guild will open its new home at the same address on May 27. An informal reception and house-warming were given on May 13. The Associated Authors' Pub. Co., whose formation by members of the Guild was announced in *The Critic* of Feb. 22, is making arrangements to take over the publishing plant of Messrs. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. Mr. Tait will be engaged to act as manager of the Company.

—The third annual meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, and the ninth consecutive celebration of Whitman's birthday, will be held in Boston on May 31. There will be an afternoon session in the rooms of the Twentieth Century Club, with addresses and readings, and, in the evening, a regular business meeting and a dinner.

Publications Received

Anderson, A. *Steps for Beginners*. 12c. Congregational S. S. & Pub. Co.
 Arnold, Matthew. *Essays in Criticism*. English Classics. Allyn & Bacon.
 Aucassin and Nicolette. Trans. by M. S. Henry and E. W. Thomson. 75c.
 Becke, Louis. *The Ebbing of the Tide*. \$1.25. Copeland & Day.
 J. B. Lippincott Co.



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 Brewster, W. E. *Studies in Structure and Style*. \$1.10.
 Browne, Mrs. T. M. *Musgrove Ranch*. 25c.
 Burnstead, S. J. *Peacemaker of Bourbon*. 50c.
 Chas. Paintings as a Business. 25c.
 Cody, Sherwin. *In the Heart of the Hills*. \$1.25.
 Coppée, F. *Le Pater*. Ed. by F. C. de Sumichrast.
 Dale, Alan. *Queens of the Stage*. 50c.
 Davis, A. E. *Romance of Guardamonte*.
 Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française. Pt. 18.
 Dickens, Charles. *Reprinted Pieces and Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*. \$1.
 Donohue, F. L. *The Silver Arrow*. 50c.
 Duchess, The. *An Unsatisfactory Lover*. \$1.
 Farjeon, B. L. *A Fair Jewess*. 50c.
 Fisher, S. G. *Making of Pennsylvania*. \$1.50.
 Forty-second Annual Report of the State Superintendent of
 Gosse, E. *Critical Kit-Kats*. \$1.50.
 Home of Fiesole. 50c.
 Humann, G. *American Grape Growing and Wine Making*. 4th Ed.
 Longfellow. *Evangeline*. English Classics.
 Lucy, H. W. *Diary of the Home Rule Parliament, 1892-95*.
 Mabie, H. W. *Essays on Nature and Culture*.
 Michaels, P. V. *Out of a Silver Flute*.
 Montresor, F. F. *False Coin or True?* \$1.25.
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 Shakespeare. *Macbeth*. English Classics.
 Tausig, F. W. *Wages and Capital*. \$1.50.
 Tennyson. *The Princess*. Ed. by H. W. Boynton. 35c.
 Tennyson. *Idylls of the King*. II. and III. People's Edition. Ea. 45c.
 Tinsieu, L. de. *In Quest of the Ideal*. Trans. by F. B. Gilmore. \$1.
 Rogers, R. C. *Will o' the Wasp*.
 Schechter, S. *Studies in Judaism*. \$1.75.
 Wagner, R. *Pacific History Stories*.
 Wheelwright, J. T. *A Bad Penn*.
 Wingate, Gen. G. W. *History of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.*
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